# My Secrets of Love

by

## Elinor Glyn

*The Famous Author of*
*"Three Weeks"*
*"His Hour"*
*"Where Love Leads"*
*Etc.*

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

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*"Manon Lescaut, a mate fit to love, in despite of all treachery and even beyond the grave."*

### *No. XXXII.*—Still Another View of English Lovers.

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WHEN I wrote what I did recently as to why the great lovers of history have so seldom been Englishmen I had no idea that I was going to start such a widespread discussion. Many men and women of prominence in the literary world have come forward to indorse my views, while others have been equally emphatic in disagreeing with them.

One of the latest to discuss this most interesting subject is W. L. George, the well-known novelist. What he has to say is of special significance, because of all modern authors he is, I believe, probably the subtlest analyst of feminine psychology.

"One cannot entirely disagree with Mrs. Elinor Glyn when she says that England has produced no historic lovers," says Mr. George. "That is, if one subscribes to the definition of love which she suggests.

"If grand passion must strain at the leash of circumstances, keep faith with the faithless and maybe end in blood and tears, then, indeed, the share of England is small. We have in our history and legend no lovers that compare with Abelard or Paolo. Nor have we for Manon Lescaut a mate fit to love in despite of all treachery and even beyond the grave. Only * * * I do not believe in Paolo and his tribe.

"What is love? We do not know. We erect as figments of Eros the Italians of the poets and the Frenchmen of a forgotten age, but single swallows make no Summers in dreary centuries. And when I reflect that average Englishmen on the Titanic cried 'Women and children first!' I discern in them the chivalry and the idealism of which may be compounded a noble passion.

"Love depends on latitude. It expresses itself variously. There are social strata where a black eye is a token of affection; love in Manchester differs from love in Zululand: I cannot prove that great lovers are many. I do not think so, for few people are great lovers except of themselves. But I do believe that the devoted are often as mute and as inglorious as the Miltons behind the counter. That is the important fact, for we do not know what other people feel.

"When, after accepting carpet slippers, the curate weds one of his parishioners, this may be the dullest jog-trot, or it may be a passion that will outstay the buffet of adversity and time. You will never know this, because—and that is essential to the discussion—the Englishman is as self-conscious and shamefaced as the foreigner is blatant.

"I am not attacking the foreigner when I call him blatant; he has the faculty of stating emphatically what he feels—and we lack it. But that does not mean that we are cold.

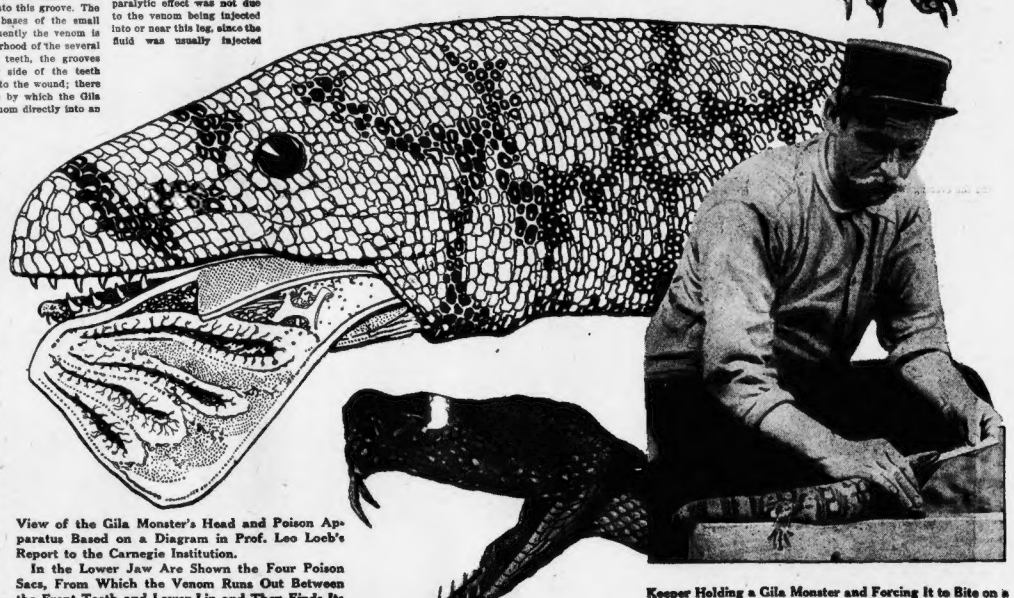
"If there are in English history few great lovers, it is not because our heroes failed to love entirely; it is because the Englishman hates rhetoric, because he does not advertise his feelings. No Englishman of the class of Abelard would have allowed his affairs to attain such a degree of publicity. He would have thought it indecent. Worse, he would have thought it bad form. I charge Abelard, de Bouffiers, Cophetua, with posturing, with showing off, with listening to their own songs—ostensibly destined for their lady. Apart from Nelson, I think that men like Byron, like Shelley, like Browning, knew the quality of historic love, just as did the couple who the other day committed suicide rather than part. All this is not proof, but emotions know no evidence.

"The Englishman may hide under a bushel the light of his love, instead of letting it radiate over the whole world. It is a charming idea, this lovelight radiating over the earth, but the woman privileged to dwell within the bushel is best illuminated if the rays are confined to her romantic residence."

# Mystery of the Gila Monster's Poison

## Exhaustive Scientific Investigation Shows That the Venom Is Deadly to Small Animals, Oozes From the Lower Jaw, Makes Cats Voiceless, Dogs Weep and Mice Bleed at the Eyes

The Strange, Venomous Vicious Gila Monster of the American Desert (Heloderma Suspectum) Concerning Which There Has Always Been Much Mystery.

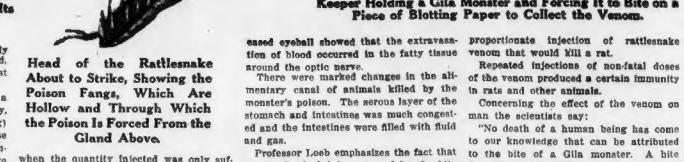


View of the Gila Monster's Head and Poison Apparatus Based on a Diagram in Prof. Leo Loeb's Report to the Carnegie Institution.

In the Lower Jaw Are Shown the Four Poison Sacs, From Which the Venom Runs Out Between the Front Teeth and Lower Lip and Then Finds Its Way Up the Front Teeth.



Keeper Holding a Gila Monster and Forcing It to Bite on a Piece of Blotting Paper to Collect the Venom.



Head of the Rattlesnake About to Strike, Showing the Poison Fangs, Which Are Hollow and Through Which the Poison Is Forced From the Gland Above.

IS the bite of the Gila monster certain death? Or is there no evidence whatever that anybody was ever killed by the poison of this rather mysterious lizard of the Arizona deserts?

Science is perplexed at the wicked reputation of the Gila monster which is not confirmed by the studies of scientific investigators.

Recently a magazine of wide circulation published a statement from Mr. David Ross, of Montana, asserting that while the monster probably was devoid of fangs and poison-glands, his bite was, nevertheless, deadly because of the infection sure to follow.

"The Gila has no proper digestive apparatus," explained Mr. Ross, "wherefore such food as is taken into his system putrefies and this causes blood-poisoning when one is so unfortunate as to become a victim of the lizard."

But scientific research by Professor Leo Loeb, of the Carnegie Institution, and Professor Charles T. Vorhies, of the University of Arizona, makes it plain that the Gila monster is equipped with a good outfit of teeth, and that they are always sharp and ample. The monster has a perfectly good stomach, which functions in a normal way. And besides this, the Gila monster has well-developed poison glands, which secrete a poison which is powerful enough to kill small animals.

In the study of this strange creature of the American desert, it was discovered that there are many things peculiar to the Gila monster which are not found in any other poisonous lizard. In all poisonous snakes the poison glands are located in the upper jaw. The teeth, which are called "poison fangs," which inject the venom, are situated in the front of the upper jaw. In some snakes these fangs are grooved at the back to carry the venom, but in the rattlesnakes and the most deadly snakes the fangs are hollow tubes, which convey the venom with deadly certainty to the extreme tip. A poison gland is situated some distance behind the fang on each side of the jaw. From the gland a duct runs to the base of the hollow fang.

When the snake opens its jaws to bite the fangs are erected and a muscle presses automatically on the poison gland, squeezing the venom into the fang. As the snake bites the poison pours down the hollow fang into the wound.

But the Gila monster's poison machinery is built on a totally different plan. His poison reservoirs are set in the lower jaw instead of the upper, as in the snakes. The poison oozes out in front of the teeth instead of coming from behind the tooth and above, as in the snake. The monster's poison finds its way up a groove in front of the first teeth, and this groove does not extend to the extreme tip, as in the snake's teeth. He does not inject poison as directly as the snake, but he bites tenaciously, like a bulldog, and some of the venom is sure to find its way into the wound.

Professor Leo Loeb, in collaboration with a large corps of other scientists, has conducted an exhaustive study into this subject. They have found out just how the venom is injected, how the biting parts of the monster are constructed, how much venom is needed to kill an animal, how long venom retains its virulence after being extracted, how immunity can be produced and many other interesting matters.

The outcome of the investigation is that the bite of the Gila monster is a thing to be feared and avoided, although it is far from being as deadly as the Indians and some frontiersmen believe. It is not as deadly as the bite of the rattlesnake.

It was found that nine cubic centimetres, which is about nine thimblefuls, of Gila monster venom would kill a medium-sized cat. There is no reason to believe that a Gila monster's bite could kill a man, but a sufficient number of them would undoubtedly do so. The bite is fatal to small animals like rats and guinea pigs but not usually to cats and dogs.

Strange to say, it was ascertained that microbes in the Gila monster's venom sometimes increased its virulence, but this is far from giving full confirmation to the idea that the creature's poison consists solely of decomposing matter lying in its jaws.

Interest is given to this investigation by the fact that the Gila monster is, with the exception of the snakes, the only vertebrate that is known to secrete venom in its jaws.

There is a poison gland of large size on the outer side of each half of the lower jaw. Each gland is subdivided into three or four lobes in which the venom is produced. From each lobe runs an excretory canal which carries the venom to the base of the teeth.

"These small ducts," says Professor Loeb, "lead from the poison gland into a groove between the lower lip and the teeth of the lower jaw. When the animal bites the secretion gushes into this groove. The ducts open near the bases of the small pointed teeth; consequently the venom is ejected in the neighborhood of the several wounds made by the teeth, the grooves present on the outer side of the teeth carrying the venom into the wound; there is, however, no means by which the Gila monster can inject venom directly into an enemy, as does the rattlesnake."

One of the investigators states that the monster's venom is drawn to the tip of the tooth by capillarity — not forced through a tube to the tip, as in the rattlesnake.

In order to collect venom, the monster was irritated into biting in a piece of soft rubber. The venom was drawn off from the under side with a pipette. The monster usually bit quite fiercely and strenuously, and the venom gushed forth freely. When the animal had bitten several days in succession the venom became exhausted.

Injection of the drug pilocarpine caused a flow of three or four times the usual amount of venom. Lack of food caused a stoppage of the flow.

Boiling for ten minutes did not lessen the poisonous character of the venom. The scientists then used sterilized doses of venom, which eliminated the microbes found, which were often deadly enough to kill guinea pigs.

Professor Loeb gives an interesting description of the manner in which the venom produces death. He shows that death is primarily due to suffocation and not to stoppage of the heart's action as many people have believed:

"When a warm-blooded animal receives a lethal dose of heloderma (Gila monster) venom the first conspicuous effect is a disturbance of respiration. The breathing becomes quickened and the respirations are forced. After a time the respiration rate diminishes and the respirations grow shallow; finally they occur only at long intervals, until after a period of respiratory spasm they cease altogether.

"Meanwhile, other symptoms appear. The animal shows weakness and falls down, and frequently, though not as a rule, has acute attacks of convulsions. Reflex irritability becomes increased so that a slight sensory stimulus is able to inaugurate an exaggerated response which resembles the response obtained in an animal poisoned by strychnine. The hind legs hang as if paralyzed and later the forelegs also appear paralyzed. If the skin of the leg be pinched, however, a response is elicited, and this response may still be obtained very shortly before the last respiration. The corneal reflex (dullness of the eyeball) may be obtained even later than the sensory skin-reflex.

"It was noted that when mice were injected subcutaneously with lethal quantities of venom, one hind leg became completely paralyzed and spastic at a time when complete paralysis was not present in the other hind leg. This unilateral spastic and paralytic effect was not due to the venom being injected into or near this leg, since the fluid was usually injected under the skin of the thorax. Not only was the one leg spastic and paralyzed, but sensation was almost completely lost in this leg.

"Pinching the skin or pricking with a pin produced no response; occasionally, however, pressure (pinching the entire leg) would lead to a slight muscular response of the other leg. These symptoms are general for all the mammals which we have used, viz., dog, cat, guinea pig, rabbit, rat, and mouse; but some of them appear more conspicuously in certain species than in others. For instance, the apparent paralysis appeared most marked in rats and mice and the strychnine-like response to stimulus was most evident in guinea pigs. The respiratory disturbances were substantially the same in all animals, and it is to the interference with respiration that we must attribute the immediate cause of death in the warm-blooded animal."

The poison produces extraordinary effects on some animals. In cats a noticeable symptom caused by it is loss of voice. In dogs it causes a copious flow of saliva and tears.

The venom when injected into the bodies of mice produced a very peculiar effect on the eyes. This was most noticeable when the quantity injected was only sufficient to cause death after many hours, and it also happened when the dose was not fatal. In about six hours after injection the eyeball began to protrude and became opaque.

As this condition progressed the white and the pupil of the eye turned red and gradually assumed a dark-red color. At times the blood which had collected in the tissue about the eyeball would break through and a more or less free oozing of blood about the eye would be the result.

In those cases in which the condition progressed only as far as opacity of the eye, the animal usually regained its sight after several days; but when the condition progressed to the stage of oozing of blood, the eyeball was lost, although the animal might otherwise recover.

A microscopic examination of the diseased eyeball showed that the extravasation of blood occurred in the fatty tissue around the optic nerve.

There were marked changes in the alimentary canal of animals killed by the monster's poison. The serous layer of the stomach and intestines was much congested and the intestines were filled with fluid and gas.

Professor Loeb emphasizes the fact that the mechanical injury caused by the bite of a large and savage Gila monster might increase the effect of the venom.

"The animal has very powerful jaws," he writes, "and its bite would easily bruise a large area of flesh and skin. When the animal bites it clings tenaciously, and in endeavoring to extricate a wounded part the injury might easily be increased."

Rats were most resistant to the deadly effects of the venom in proportion to their weight. Cats, dogs, guinea pigs, rabbits and mice showed resistance to the poison in the order named.

A most interesting fact proved was that the monster enjoyed absolute immunity against its own venom, when injected into its body in large quantity. The reptile, however, showed no immunity against snake poison, and succumbed to the same proportionate injection of rattlesnake venom that would kill a rat.

Repeated injections of non-fatal doses of the venom produced a certain immunity in rats and other animals.

Concerning the effect of the venom on man the scientists say:

"No death of a human being has come to our knowledge that can be attributed to the bite of a Gila monster. A bite from this animal is in man either followed by no symptoms at all or by a local swelling, perhaps extending to the shoulder if the bite affected the upper extremity. . . . In all the reports concerning the local effect of the bite of the heloderma in man, mention is made of the rapid appearance of swelling and hemorrhagic discoloration of the skin at the site of injury."

After all it must be said that the investigation does not clear up all the mystery which has surrounded the Gila monster in the wild territory where it lives.

The scientists admit that it has real venom and that while as a rule there is little danger that the bite will kill a man it is certainly much more severe in some cases than others and it is impossible to say how dangerous it may be.

There is certainly something uncanny about a lizard that will bite savagely and hold on like a bulldog and the unscientific inhabitants of the desert have some excuse for regarding with terror.



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# Braves Death in the Jungles to Bring His Bride a Bird

## Like a Knight of Old Artist Tartoue Will Dare Again the Perils of the Wilds to Save His Lovely Wife the Sorrow of Losing Once More Her Rare Songsters

Artist Tartoue, His Wife and the Birds.

IN the ancient days of the troubadours, when brave knights carried the colors of fair ladies into jousting tournaments, love was a term synonymous with devotion, bold deeds done for the favor of a dainty mistress, hazardous feats performed for no other reward than a smile from pretty lips.

When Saint George killed the dragon there were countless other knights who looked upon the deed as nothing they themselves would not have done if the inspiration had been the desire of a beloved one.

Nowadays, though, romance most often is jostled aside in the stress and friction of a practical age. Of fair ladies there are just as many as ever, and of brave suitors there still is an equal number, but office hours now take up the time that used to be given to day dreams of love, and the evening for trot and one-step represent the extent of the danger most young men are willing to court in pursuit of feminine preference.

How refreshing it is, then, to find a knight of to-day, a young husband whose romance has not dwindled with the passing of the honeymoon, but, instead, has deepened and expanded, embracing every hour of night and day, and become so great and wonderful a thing that a vagrant tear, falling from his young wife's eye, is enough to send him, heart a-beat, into far corners of the earth, into the midst of human cannibals and dread fevers, at enormous business sacrifices, that a whim may be gratified and the tear replaced with a smile!

This young husband, who might well inspire a paraphrase of the ancient query, "Was there ever so great a love as his?" is the noted artist, portrait painter and famous host at some of the most bizarre of social fetes, Pierre Tartoue, who came from France to settle in America a few years ago. Eighty thousand dollars is quite the usual fee for this portraitist to ask a doting mamma for the portrait of her debutante daughter, or a fashionable matron to pay him for her own pastel reproduction on canvas. Among his most famous subjects have been Cardinal Farley, Mrs. Edward B. Close and her children, Mrs. Joel Thorne, Mrs. Coleman du Pont de Nemours, "Pit" Widener, General Pershing and many others who gave their checks in five figures for the privilege of posing for him. It was not long ago that one of Mr. Tartoue's pastels, "The God of Happiness," an unfinished sketch of which is shown on this page, with Mrs. Tartoue sitting in front of it, was purchased by Mrs. du Pont du Nemours for $600,000 after it had hung in some of the foremost exhibitions in America and France.

Mrs. Tartoue was the beautiful Claudie Windsor, of California. The two were married but a few months ago. It was a romance of many interesting details—just the sort of courtship and marriage one might expect from a temperamental, successful young artist, courted by society as one of its most prized "catches," and a California heiress with whom the famous young painter fell in love at first sight.

There were those who whispered behind their fans when the marriage was announced, and when the artist brought back to the gay studio world of New York his California bride. Surely, said these whispers, the gallant Pierre would never tie himself down to a love that consumed so much of his time and separated him from so many of those blithe little studio affairs for which the studio world is noted. He had been known as one of the most successful and original creators of impromptu entertainments in which color, luxury and the unique ran riot; his costly $100,000 studio had been the centre of a bohemianism de luxe which made it one of the most charming rendezvous in New York. The introduction of a bride, even though she were wondrously beautiful, into such a life is not always a successful venture—and it wouldn't be in this case, said these whispers.

Mme. Tartoue, from a Painting by Her Husband.

But time disproved these predictions. A new glow seemed to warm the canvases upon which Pierre painted his portraits. The eyes of his matrons and debutantes seemed to look out from their frames with a new piquancy. His brush, Pierre told his wondering critics, had found the skill with which to paint the ineffable flush of love—it was his realization of what feminine eyes may hold in dreamy fondness; what the cheek may tell when the heart is beating with a new rapture; how the lips unconsciously relax when the mind is attuned to kisses—it was this realization which had come to him out of his honeymoon and which struggled always for expression when his brush traced feminine features. So he explained the marvels in his new portraits to his friends.

The young bride fitted into the studio whirl—and became its leader. The honeymoon was in South America, where many of the wives of rich South Americans sat for the sojourning bridegroom.

There was a little excursion into the interior of Colombia, and as a souvenir of this visit the governor of an interior province presented the visiting bride two of the rarest and most beautiful singing birds in the world—the famous turpiale. The turpiale is a gorgeously colored songster, offspring in some mysterious past age of the thrush family, which has the rare accomplishment of being able to "carry the melody" of almost any song or instrumental music which is played for it and which it enjoys. Its song is brilliant and with a whistling resonance, and even its own characteristic bursts of melody are as rhythmic as the compositions of the masters.

Few of these birds ever have reached civilization. Their home is in the dense underbrush of the interior of the Atlantico Province of Colombia, where live the cannibal Goargira tribes, the cruelest and most primitive savages of the world. These birds have a superstitious religious significance to these savages, and it is seldom one of them is seen outside the brush.

Mme. Tartoue is an accomplished musician. The peculiar talent of the turpiale birds fascinated her. They became her pets. She taught them to sing arias of grand opera, and the two birds became so accomplished that it was necessary only for their young mistress to start the opening strains of a favorite song, or to have the phonograph play a few measures of it, when both birds would pick it up in unison and complete the song.

The presence of these rare and accomplished pets in the Tartoue studio was a nine days wonder in New York. Mme. Tartoue had dainty platinum chains made for them, with little clasps to snap around their legs, and with the chains attached to rings on her fingers she took the birds out as companions on her daily walks along Fifth avenue. In the fashionable hotel supper rooms the two pets were as familiar to the habitues as were the artist and his young bride themselves, and there was no entertainment in the Tartoue studio complete without them.

One morning, but a few days ago, there came a tragedy. The studio window was open; from the outside came the Summer time breath from Central Park but a block away. The youngest of the two birds, the female, was tempted. The windows had been open before but perhaps the lure of the outdoors, wafted in on Summer breeze, had never been so strong. There was a flutter of wings, a flash of color streaking across the studio—and the little turpiale was gone on a venture into the outdoors.

Mme. Tartoue was disconsolate. Her scream brought Pierre rushing from his workroom where a haughty matron, jealous of her time, was sitting for her portrait. In a burst of hysterical tears Mme. Tartoue told her husband of the desertion of one of her pets. Ignoring the restlessness of the rich patroness in the workroom Pierre flung on his coat and, with the bird's mate attached to his finger, dashed into the park. Throughout the day, and long into the night, Pierre and the lone bird wandered into the nooks and corners of the great park, Pierre whistling and the turpiale singing its call to its mate. But the quest was in vain.

When Pierre returned crestfallen to the studio he found his young wife exhausted from grief and anxiety. The tears he grieved to see were on her cheek.

Now, what would the average husband of to-day—these days when there are supposed to be no more troubadours—do? He would take his wife in his arms, of course, but would he not content himself with soothing her hurt, with the promise that he would purchase for her another pet, a dog or a canary? Perhaps, but not Pierre. For Pierre the days of the troubadours, when knights dared death as a pastime when their loves beckoned, are not yet gone.

There is but one place in the world from where another turpiale to take the place of the lost one might be brought. This is the brush of Colombia, 3,000 miles away. And even there the watchfulness of savages noted for their characteristic trait of killing their enemies, beheading them and feeding upon their carcasses, must be dealt with before a feather songster might be captured to replace the one that was lost.

In Pierre's mind there might have arisen the vision of countless human heads severed from the bodies on which they had grown impaled on sticks along the pathways, each head shrunken by some mysterious chemistry of which the Goagira alone know, to the size of a baseball, with the hair, also shrunken but still growing. On his honeymoon he had seen this long row of shrunken heads, trophies of victorious raids against neighbor enemies—but now he forgot them. He banished the tear hovering on his young wife's cheek not with promises or soothings, but with the calm announcement that he would take the next steamer for South America, for Colombia, and having arrived there he would push at once into the lands of the Goagira and come out with a new turpiale—a new pet to take the place of the one that was gone.

"But your work, my Pierre, your portraits—the many commissions you now have and must finish in a hurry—what of them?" asked the astounded Mme. Tartoue.

"What is work—what are portraits—what is money or commissions when my wife has reason for tears?" Pierre answered. "I shall go upon the next steamer and I will be content if I but find another turpiale as beautiful as the one we lost and as fitting a mate for the one that is left, even if I never again have another commission to paint a portrait."

There was great consternation among half a dozen rich and fashionable mammas when the decision of Pierre became known. There were that many unfinished portraits upon his easels. They besieged him to give them long sittings—to give to them the days that intervened before his steamer sailed—but Pierre would have none of them. The huge advance commissions that had been paid him he returned. "Perhaps," he said, "he would come back without a bird—perhaps he would be killed—in either event their portraits never would be finished. If he came back, escaped the fevers, escaped the savages, and with a new turpiale to amuse his wife and console her—then he would think of portraits and such things as commissions again—but time would have to tell."

Mme. Tartoue remonstrated with her impulsive young husband—and then he, in turn, reproached her. "How could she think of him that he would let miles or perils or mere money prevent him from restoring the pet that had flown out the window when its loss had so pained her?"

There were hurried preparations; the day for the sailing of the steamer came near, and then, another morning when the studio windows were raised, the little truant came flying in and was found by its mistress pecking furiously at the bars of the cage in which its mate fluttered in ecstacies at the imminence of reunion. Mme. Tartoue was overjoyed. For an hour the plans for the trip to South America were forgotten. But Pierre noticed restraint in his wife's happiness.

"I cannot but be fearful, Pierre," she said wistfully. "Perhaps another time one of my turpiale will fly away and not return—and, besides, I can no longer trust my little pet. She has been away from me whole nights and days—and the sparrows and blackbirds of the park are such uncouth companions."

"Then I shall go, just the same—we will run no more risks, and if the little truant does not regain your confidence you shall have another to replace it."

Indeed, can there be a greater love than this?

Mme. Tartoue in Studio Costume Before Tartoue's Famous Painting, "The God of Happiness."

Madame Pierre Tartoue, With Her Two Unique Bird Companions, the Loss of One of Which So Nearly Broke Her Heart.

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# Science's Remarkable New Theory of How We See

## *Experiments That Seem to Show Our Visual Impressions of the World About Us Are Only a Series of Little Electric Shocks Carried Through the Eye Into the Brain*

*By Dr. W. H. Ballou.*

ALTHOUGH the sense of sight is one that we take for granted, it is, nevertheless, in essence one of the great mysteries of life. What is it that enables us by means of the small sphere of the eyeball and the optic nerve leading from it into the brain actually to see? What is it that draws within our brains pictures of all the movements and all the colors of what is going on around us?

This mystery, in the light of the newest discoveries by science, appears to be on the verge of being solved, if, indeed, it is not already solved. Science now puts forth the theory that the sense of sight is an electrical phenomenon; that the retinas of our eyes upon which the rays of light which carry the pictures we see impinge are in reality collectors of electrical impulses, and that these impulses are carried by the wires of the optic nerve into the brain, and thereby a most cunningly arranged mechanism converted into the figures and colors which we call sight.

This theory has, curiously enough, been built up from a number of different sources of investigation working separately and independently. The English body of scientists whose experiments and conclusions are printed in the Philosophical Magazine and Journal of Science of London, Edinburgh and Dublin, were carried to their conclusions by a study of what it is that produces color vision. They found to their own satisfaction that color is the result of electrical discharges in the molecular structure of the retina set free by the impact of waves of light of varying intensities upon these structures. These electrical impulses carried on to the brain produce in the brain cells which receive them the sensations which we call red, blue, green, etc.

It has, of course, long been known that color is the result of varying wave lengths of the electro-magnetic disturbance called light. Slow waves of a certain length produce what we call red. Extremely rapid waves of short length produce what we call violet. The new point is that these waves, electrical in nature, produce their effect upon our visual organs electrically.

H. Winfield Secor, member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers and an internationally distinguished expert upon such matters, points out in the current number of Science and Invention, formerly the Electrical Experimenter, some other surprising discoveries on the subject.

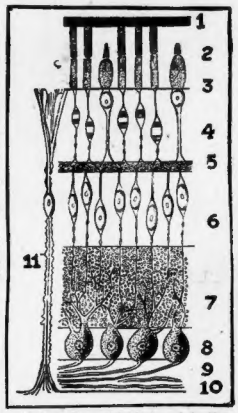
In its simplest possible terms the mechanism by which we see consists of two globes fitted with lenses through which the light waves pass to strike upon a curtain at the back of these globes which is called the retina. The retina is an extraordinarily complex structure composed of pigment cells, a layer of curiously shaped microscopically small bodies called from their shapes the rods and cones, layers of nerve cells and the filaments that connect these rods and cones with the cells.

Into the retina the optic nerve penetrates to about an eighth of an inch, presenting at this point a small rounded elevation perforated in its centre for the passage of the central artery of the retina. There are, of course, other elements in the retinal curtain, but those mentioned seem to be the only factors that are directly concerned with the reception of optical impressions—that is, they are the mechanism that is the first step toward our seeing.

The layer of rods and cones is composed of small cylinders extending through its entire thickness, closely packed and giving to the external surface the appearance of mosaic, between these is a greater or less number of flask-shaped bodies—the cones. This layer is about 1/330 of an inch in thickness at the middle of the retina, 1/400 of an inch about midway between the centre and the edge, and near the edge about 1/450 of an inch thick. The rods have a diameter of 1/1306 of an inch. They are clear, of rather a fattened lustre, soft and pliable and somewhat brittle.

It is a curious thing that shortly after death each of these rods shows under the microscope to become divided by a delicate line into an outer and an inner segment. The cones are of the same constitution as the rods and about half their length.

Upon this curtain falls the image that we see. This image we do not see upon the eye itself. It is carried back by the "wires" of the optic nerve into the centre in the brain where the image actually comes to our consciousness.




**A Sectional View of the Retina of the Human Eye, Highly Magnified. 1—Macula Lutea, (Yellow Spot or Pigmentary Layer) Without Nerve Fibres; 2—Jacob's Membrane, Containing Only Long and Narrow Cones; 3—Thin Membrane; 4—Outer Nuclear Layer Containing Rods and Cones; 5—Outer Molecular Layer; 6—Inner Nuclear Nerve Layer; 7—Inner Molecular Layer; 8—Nerve Vesicles; 9 and 10—Fibrous Layer; 11—The Connecting Fibre of Muller.**

In a way of speaking, the consciousness sitting within the dark chamber of the brain looks into this mysterious group of brain cells and sees reflected there what has passed through the eye. We only think that we see with the eyes—as though they were windows in the head—which, of course, everyone knows they cannot be.

As a matter of fact, if we saw simply with the eye we would see everything upside down, because the images of things about us are reflected in that way upon the retina. Between the retina and the brain cells which receive the final electrical impulses carrying the image things are righted again in a manner which is not quite understood. As Secor points out in his article:

"The light and shade values of the image cast on the retina fall on a series of what are now supposed to be minute photo-electric cells, covering the rear inner-hemisphere of the eyeball, and there are over 2,000,000 of these cells or rods and cones, as the physiologist calls them. Each one of these light-sensitive cells connects to one of the more than 2,000,000 fibres constituting the optic nerve—the great nerve of sight, which passes up through the head to the rear of the brain or region of sight. The hundreds of thousands of optic nerve fibres, each corresponding apparently to a fine electric wire in a telephone exchange, terminate at a certain cell in the brain. Thus when we see an image, a person's face, for example, there is simultaneously stimulated in the brain a complete pattern of particular cells, which probably reconstruct the image perceived. And the result is that we do not see the object we look at upside down, but right side up!

"It is now thought that when the various points of light pass through the lens of the eye on to the rod and cone layer of the retina at the rear of the eye, extremely minute electric currents are set up and pass along the respective nerve fibres (remember, there are over 2,000,000 of them) to the cells of sight located in the brain, and it is at this point where we interpret the image or picture which the eye beholds, and not in the eye itself, as is often popularly supposed."

There is a curious metal in which, by the action of light upon it, an identical effect such as that being discussed is possible. This metal is called selenium. Its peculiarity is that the rays of light falling upon it set up within it a mild electrical current, and this current varies in intensity according to the intensity of the light that strikes it. It is possible to send photographs over wires and through great distances by means of selenium. This is done by utilizing a great number of small cells of the metal, each of which is connected by a wire to the sending cable. The image of the picture to be sent is reflected upon this mass of cells, which are arranged, approximately, like the close-packed rods and cones in the eye. Each variation of light and shadow of the reflected image sets up a varying electrical current in each cell. These currents pass over the cable to another arrangement of selenium cells, which in their turn are correspondingly stimulated, and by a certain arrangement then print the exact tones of darkness and light to which the electrical impulses correspond.

In this way a duplicate is made of the pictures at the far end of the wire.

The same principle and the same metal are used in a machine that enables the blind to read by means of the ears. A receiver composed of the selenium cells passes over the letters of the book. The different electrical impulses caused by the shadow of the shape of the letters striking the sensitive selenium cells is transformed into a characteristic sound, and as soon as the blind learns to distinguish between these sounds he is able to read.

And regarding this, it is a fact that the blind man usually conceives different colors as sounds. Walter Holmes says:

"I once asked my brother, blind from infancy, to tell me his ideas of color, for he always asked the color of each new article he 'saw.' He told me that he got great satisfaction from knowing the color of things, but I found the realization of each color came to him as a sound. He said he knew that 'red' was a dazzling color, and that when one told him a thing was red it came to him as a shrill whistle; he knew that the foliage was green and a restful color, and when told a thing was green it came to him as soft music."

Other experiments have shown that the sensation of light can be produced in the brain centres independently of the eyes. C. E. Magnussen and H. C. Stevens, of the University of Washington, placed a solenoid or electro-magnetic cylinder over a man's head and kept him in absolute darkness.

When the electric current was turned on he reported that he saw lights. The form of the light varied with the intensity of the current.

From these experiments it has been reasoned that it may be possible to train blind men actually to see images with their brains. If the electric current can produce various forms of light in the brain it should theoretically be possible to control these forms so as to represent real objects.

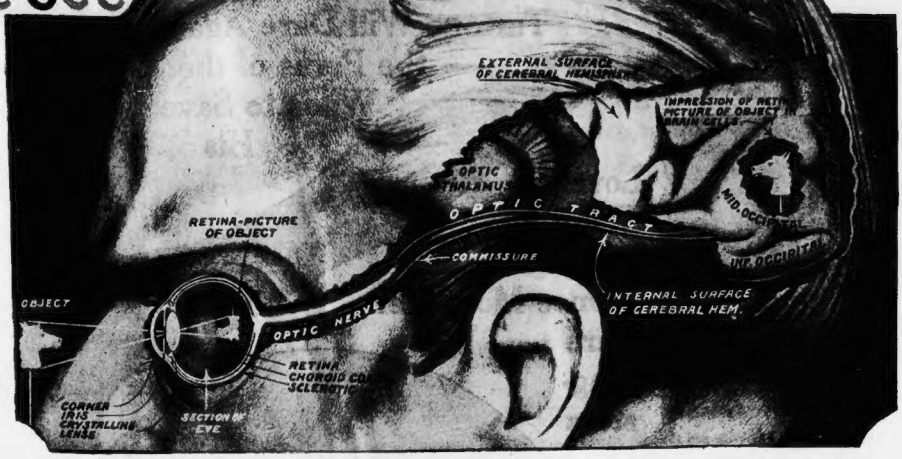
That the blind possess the power of forming images in their brains of objects touched by their hands is well known. Here then we have the visual cells, cut off from actual sight, responding to the vibrations of touch and forming images in precisely the same manner as though the eyes were active. But it is a fact that the images from touch are different from those from the eyes. Professor C. P. Fraser, LL. D., a distinguished medical scientist of Nova Scotia, who is blind himself, details some interesting experiments upon this phase of the matter.

The professor experimented with eighty blind pupils and asked them to tell how many sides of a cube they could see with their minds. Those who had lost their sight at sixteen and upward visualized correctly, seeing three sides of a cube. Those who had lost their sight after reaching four years of age visualized imperfectly, seeing four or five sides of the cube at once. Those who were born blind or became blind shortly after birth lacked true visualization—thirty-three declaring that they saw six sides of the cube at once, while three of them saw but one side. This shows that in educating a blind person the instructor deals with a different mind from the normal.

Many blind persons have developed the sense of smell to an acuteness that enables them to recognize odors that are absolutely unnoticed by ordinary persons. This power is particularly developed in the deaf and blind. Laura Bridgman, the famous deaf-mute blind girl, could always recognize anybody she had met before by the smell of his hand or glove. If she met a stranger she invariably smelt his hand, and could invariably recognize him thereafter by the same means.

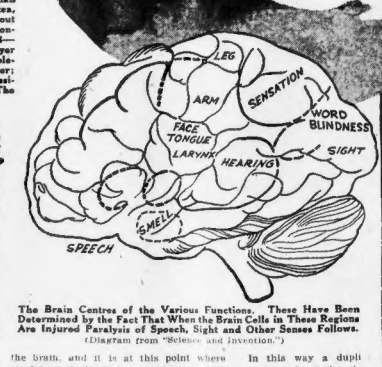
Blind persons who have once been able to visualize always see in their dreams. In many cases the blind man "sees" more than one with good eyesight. The seeing man naturally sees only that side which is turned toward him. The blind man sees six sides of a box at once if he can hold it in his hand. If it is larger he may see two or three sides at once. In any case, the inspection of an intelligent blind man is more thorough than that of a seeing man who judges by appearance.

It may indeed be true that all our senses are nothing but results of different kinds of electrical impulses. The nerve current is unquestionably electric, and it has recently been pointed out by a European investigator that the nerves and nerve fibres are indeed like many electric wires for several reasons—principally because it has been found that these parts of the human body are covered throughout with a fatty insulating covering, and, as this authority has suggested, it would seem to show that this insulated covering on the nerves and other component parts actually serves to preserve the electric potential and natural charge of the body. In certain diseases these insulations break down, causing the electric charge of the body to become markedly lowered.

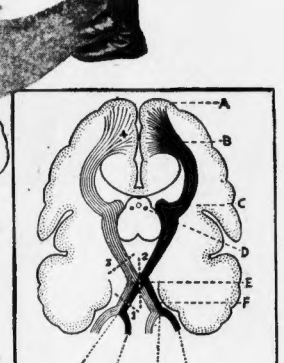



**How the Outlines of an Object Before the Eye Are "Telegraphed" Into the Receiving Station in the Brain. The Rods and Cones in the Retina of the Eye Correspond, It Seems, to Selenium or Photo-Electric Cells. Thus When Different Gradations of Light Impinge Upon Them They Cause Currents of Varying Strength to Pass Along the More Than 2,000,000 Fibres Composing the Optic Nerve—Like the Wires in a Telephone Exchange—to the Proper Sight Cells in the Brain, Energizing Them and Causing Them "to See."** (Diagram printed by permission of "Science and Invention," formerly "Electrical Experimenter.")

**The Blind See with Their Hands. The Nerves of Touch Are Carrying to the Brain of This Child an Image of the Camel. The Same Cells Which Receive the Ocular Impulses Will Draw from the Touch Currents a Picture.**




**The Brain Centres of the Various Functions. These Have Been Determined by the Fact That When the Brain Cells in These Regions Are Injured Paralysis of Speech, Sight and Other Senses Follows.** (Diagram from "Science and Invention.")




**How Sight Travels. A—Occipital Lobe; B—End "Wires" of the Optic Nerve Producing Pictures; C—Tracks of Optic Nerves, and D—Fibres Leading from Them Into the Nucleus of the Great Third Nerve; E—The Optic Chiasma or Crossing of the Nerves from the Two Eyes; F—The Optic Nerve. 1, 2 and 3 Show where Lesions of the Nerve Most Frequently Occur, Breaking the "Wires" and Causing Partial or Complete Blindness.**



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# The One Romance Little Lord Fauntleroy Couldn't Patch Up—His Own!

## "Citizen Fix-It" Ever Since He Wore Long Curls, Wallace Eddinger Finds It Impossible to Persuade His Wife That Love and Embraces on the Stage Are After All Only Make-Believe and Fails to "Fix It" for Himself

**"At sight of Mr. Eddinger she flung her arms about his neck, and with an ecstatic cry of 'You old dear!' pressed a kiss upon his lips. Mrs. Eddinger looked on with amazement, puzzled and not a little troubled. 'Who is that woman?' she inquired icily.**

**And a Scene with Miss Ruth Shepley That Made Mrs. Eddinger Regret She Had Married an Actor.**

**Miss Martha Hedman, the Alluring Beauty, at Whom Mr. Eddinger Had to Cast Longing Eyes in One of His Plays—Thereby Adding to His Matrimonial Difficulties.**



**Mr. Eddinger as Little Lord Fauntleroy, Years Ago.**

"LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY" is in serious trouble. In the play the knickerbockered, lace-collared, golden-curled young hero won the hearts of everybody and found no difficulty in holding them captive forever and ever, but in real life he has been unable to hold his wife's love, and it is a question whether he can ever regain it.

This is only another way of stating the fact that Mrs. Wallace Eddinger is seeking a divorce from her husband, the well-known actor. For Mr. Eddinger was the first to take the part of Fauntleroy, and this, as well as his subsequent stage career, is what gives his present domestic difficulties unusual interest.

From the days when, as a curly-headed boy of six, he played "Little Lord Fauntleroy," down to his latest appearance as the bedevilled but finally triumphant hero of "Wedding Bells," Wallace Eddinger has been continually "fixing things up" so that they might end happily for everybody concerned except the villain of the play.

As an ironer-out of the amazing difficulties with which playwrights fill their plots he has had few if any equals. With splendid poise he has faced calmly, even smilingly, an array of troubles such as would have driven a man in real life to despair. But not a situation the drama has yet produced has been capable of dismaying the suave, self-possessed Mr Eddinger. Under his winning personality's magic glow all the clouds roll away and everything ends as happily as any audience could possibly wish—misunderstandings are cleared up, enmities forgiven, wickedness punished, and by the time the curtain falls the arms of the hero are always enfolding the girl he deserves to have.

It seems hard to believe that a man who has faced successfully on the stage so many varied problems of human love and hate should meet in real life one that baffles all his suavity, patience and tact. Yet this is exactly what threatens to be the case.

Mr. Eddinger's wife has begun suit for divorce. The real reason for her action, say some who know the couple well, lies in the fact that she has never been on the stage, while her husband has been there all his life and is an unusually good actor. Being a non-professional, Mrs. Eddinger does not understand the ways of the theatre and she has fallen too readily under the spell of her husband's acting. She has taken at face value all the kisses and embraces which Mr. Eddinger's roles require him to lavish on other women, and has been unable to accept as mere make-believe the terms of endearment which his roles compel him to murmur in the heroine's ear.

The sight of her actor-husband's realistic love-making long since became so unbearable to her that she gave up going to the theatre when he was appearing. And now she has decided that life with a man who must fling himself into the arms of another woman—and sometimes more than one—six or eight times a week during the theatrical season is no longer endurable.

If this version of the matter be correct, the domestic troubles of the Eddingers are indeed a serious problem—one that can be matched perhaps only by the torturing jealousy to which the wives of physicians often find themselves a prey.

But can it be that there is no solution for it? Can it be that the actor who on countless occasions has proved himself the master of far more difficult situations lacks the power to find his way back to his wife's heart? Has Mr. Eddinger forgotten the wondrous magic of those endearments with which he turned a tarnished world bright when he played "Little Lord Fauntleroy?"

After "Little Lord Fauntleroy" young Eddinger kept right on "fixing things" in other plays. In "Holly Tree Inn," "Love's Young Dream," "The Soudan" and "Among the Pines" the plot never failed to work about so that the boy with the long, fair curls should be the one to lead the way to happiness.

Grown to manhood and to established success on the stage, he continued being in great demand as one of the actors best fitted to extricate heroes and heroines from the tangles of troubles which the playwrights devised. His friends might well have nicknamed him "Little Mr. Fix-It," for every role he took gave him a claim to that title.

There was "Officer 666," in which he played the leading part. Theatregoers still remember how in this play every character was led to think all the other characters thieves. When everybody was apparently hopelessly enmeshed by doubts and suspicious fears, along came Mr. Eddinger with a little gentleness, some moral suasion and one heroic coup which settled things so that everybody could live happily ever after.

"The Third Degree" was another play in which Mr. Eddinger added to his reputation for fixing things. Tortured by detectives, exhausted, desiring smiles more than all else in the world, he ended the inquisition by saying, "Yes, it was I—I did it." He was actually under sentence of death when he finally contrived a way to fix things to his satisfaction. By his agile wit he got out of jail, regained his wife, and began life all over again.

And what a skyful of trouble there was for Mr. Eddinger as the dashing young hero of "The Aviator." A girl whom he considered the only one in the world became aviation mad. She wanted him to fly too, and without a single lesson he boldly sailed off into the blue. The heroine was dismayed to find when it was too late to stop the flight that he did not know a propeller from a lip stick. But with his usual propensity for fixing things, Mr. Eddinger returned after an adventurous trip safe, though scared, and a great hero.

It was while he was appearing in "The Only Son" that Mr. Eddinger met his great romance of real life. He fell in love—really, deeply, he believed inextricably—with a charming and wealthy young widow, Mrs. Iva La Grove. They were married, and their honeymoon began with every prospect of continuing indefinitely as "one grand sweet song." Mr. Eddinger and all his friends believed that this delightful melody was to be the obligato accompaniment of his future success on the stage. But alas for all the fond hopes of the bridegroom and his friends, it was not long before the honeymoon's harmony began to be marred by sadly discordant notes.

Mrs. Eddinger had never been on the stage. She knew actors and actresses only through seeing them play their parts from her seat in the orchestra or a box. After her marriage she was, of course, thrown continually with people of the stage. It was for a non-professional woman like her altogether like entering an entirely new world.

In many ways it was not at all pleasant to her. Hardly a day passed that she did not see or hear something which grated on her sensibilities. With all the skilful tact which he has displayed so many times on the stage, Mr. Eddinger tried to explain these things away and help his bride to fit herself comfortably into the world in which he lived. For a time it seemed as if he were going to be successful, but one day something happened which all his skill found it impossible to explain.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddinger were riding in their limousine. As the car drew up in front of a department store a woman who had been in his company the season before chanced to be passing. At sight of Mr. Eddinger she ran up to him, flung her arms about his neck, and with an ecstatic cry of, "You old dear," pressed a kiss upon his lips. Mrs. Eddinger looked on with amazement, puzzled and not a little troubled.

"Who is that woman?" she inquired icily as they went homeward.

"I don't quite remember, my dear. I know she was in our company last season and her face is familiar."

"Indeed, it must be," was Mrs. Eddinger's sarcastic reply, "and so was her conduct. What a way to greet a man who does not remember her name!"

"You must not mind, my dear," he pleaded. "Kissing is a habit among people of the stage and it does not mean what it does to non-professionals. It is a rather silly habit, I will grant you, but so are most habits silly."

"I quite agree with you—it is worse than silly."

"But a kiss like that isn't a love kiss," pleaded Mr. Eddinger, and when they reached home he illustrated what a love kiss was like with such success that for the time the incident of the afternoon was forgotten and amity reigned once more.

The restored harmony was not for long, however. More discords began to creep in while Mr. Eddinger was playing in "The Boomerang," which had a phenomenal three years' run at a New York theatre.

In this play the young star had to make love to two young women—very charming ones. He had to embrace fervently beautiful Ruth Shepley, his stage fiancee. He had to cast longing eyes at alluring Martha Hedman, who played the nurse in his doctor's office.

Mrs. Eddinger saw the play but once, and when she left the theatre she displayed symptoms of nervous irritability. Then followed rumors of angry arguments in the Eddinger household.

"How can I help it," urged Mr. Eddinger. "If Winchell Smith wrote a lot of fool stuff for me to do in this play? Those girls are nothing to me except opposites in a scene!"

"But why do you show such extreme enjoyment when playing with them?" is said to have been Mrs. Eddinger's acid reply.

And so the debate went on as long as "The Boomerang" did. Mr. Eddinger vainly doing his best to explain the perfect innocence of stage kisses, stage hugs and stage goo-goo eyes. In spite of the success he had scored in the play he was sorry when the long run closed and Miss Shepley and Miss Hedman went into other companies. Now he hoped that the dove of peace would smooth its ruffled wings and make his home happy again.

But the fates were against him. He was starred in "Wedding Bells"—name of ill omen!—and in this comedy again he had to make love to two women. This time it was charming Jessie Glendinning and winsome Margaret Lawrence who were the objects of his stage devotions.

Once more all the force of the personality that has fixed so many things to the delight of thousands of theatregoers was called into play to adjust the difficulties in his home life. It succeeded in keeping the trouble that was brewing from bubbling over until after "Wedding Bells" was on the road. While Mr Eddinger was on the Pacific Coast he was served with the divorce papers. A party alleged to have been given in the Eddinger apartment during his wife's absence was one of the things upon which the proceedings were based.

"Just a harmless little affair," Mr. Eddinger explained. "Such affairs are quite the thing in the topsy-turvy land in which we stagefolks live."

Mrs. Eddinger's reply was a sniff—a long-distance sniff, conveyed through her lawyer.

Mr. Eddinger was most forgiving. "Poor girl!" he said. "It's my absence that has done this. These long separations are the curse of every actor's marriage. When I see her again I can straighten everything out."

Will Mr. Eddinger be able to "straighten things out" as he hopes? There is still time, for three months must intervene between the interlocutory and the final decree of divorce. And everybody who has seen the smiling, forceful ease with which Wallace Eddinger always manages to extricate himself from all sorts of difficulties on the stage will be inclined to think that his wife may yet be unable to resist the appeal of the former "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

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# The Hope Diamond Mystery — by

## The Startling History of This Fascinating S... Followed Its Owners for Fourteen Centuries... the Story of the Ruined Life of May Yohe, Who Once Owned It and Wore It.

Mme. de Montespan, King Louis XIV.'s favorite, who wore the blue diamond and who was discarded and driven out of the royal court. At the right is a reproduction of an old engraving showing the chateau Louis built near Paris for this early favorite of his.

**TO find herself mistress of the palace of an English Duke, with jewels outrivaling the jewels of many a crowned head, with London town house, country estates, castles, shooting preserves—would probably fulfill the happiest dreams of millions of American women.**

**And yet May Yohe, the daughter of a Pennsylvania country dressmaker, had all this in her grasp—AND THREW IT AWAY.**

**May Yohe, the beloved and petted wife of Lord Francis Hope, was also to share with her husband the added title and still greater estates of the Duke of Newcastle—was it the malevolent power of the unlucky Hope Diamond that then intervened and blighted her life?**

**The Story of May Yohe's career will be told from week to week in these pages by May Yohe herself. Few plots in drama or fiction equal the extraordinary real life experiences of this remarkable American girl.**

**And the "curse" of the famous Hope Diamond?**

**Something, indeed, seemed to suddenly cast its sinister shadow over her life and pursued her relentlessly in America, in Asia, throughout Europe, and even in South America. May Yohe discusses this famous gem, which once was hers, and reveals much of its past history which has not before been made public—history which begins with its theft from the sparkling ornaments of the Buddhist idol fourteen hundred years ago, and drags its sinister trail down through the centuries to the shocking death of little Vinson Walsh McLean, whose parents now own the "cursed" stone.**

**It is not surprising that the jewel had a sort of irresistible fascination for May Yohe, and she spent much time and effort in tracing its baleful history. After its theft from the Buddhist idol fourteen centuries ago, she was able to piece together a fairly complete record of its career in recent times.. This she narrates in all its extraordinary details—a story unparalleled in history or in fiction.**

Jean Baptiste Tavernier came into possession of the stone in 1642, stolen from the sacred golden statue of Rama, in the Temple of Rama and Sita, Burmah, India. It weighed 112¾ carats, and Tavernier sold the diamond to King Louis XIV. for 2,500,000 francs and a baronetcy—he was created Baron d'Aubonne. Tavernier was torn to pieces by wild dogs.

Madame de Montespan, who wore the jewel, was abandoned by the King. It had been recut by Amsterdam jewelers by order of King Louis XIV. and reduced to 67½ carats.

Nicholas Fouquet, intendant of France, who borrowed it for a festive occasion, died miserably in prison, where he had been sent by order of King Louis XIV.

Queen Marie Antoinette, who wore it, was beheaded.

Beautiful Princess de Lamballe, who wore it, was torn to pieces by a French mob.

King Louis XVI., who owned it, was beheaded. The famous diamond was seized by revolutionists in August, 1792, and kept in the Garde Meuble. Stolen a month later and lost, a commission was appointed to find it.

It turned up in a diamond dealer's shop in Holland and in the possession of Wilhelm Fals, who recut it and reduced it to 44¾ carats. It was stolen by his son, and Fals was ruined. Of the missing pieces the Duke of Brunswick bought one weighing 7 carats and E. W. Streeter, the British diamond expert, bought the other.

Hendrik Fals, the diamond merchant's son, who stole it, was a suicide in London in 1830.

Francis Beaulieu, who sold it, died in misery and want.

The first of the Hope family who bought it suffered a long series of misfortunes, including the death of his favorite son.

Lord Francis Hope, the grandson, suffered financial reverses, scandal and unhappy marriage, bankruptcy, and was forced to sell the diamond to Simon Frankel for $168,000.

May Yohe, his wife, who wore it, tells the story of her unhappiness.

Simon Frankel, New York broker, who bought it for $168,000 in November, 1901, met financial difficulties.

Jacques Colot, another owner, was afflicted with madness and committed suicide.

Prince Ivan Kanitovski, next owner, was killed by revolutionists.

Lorens Ladue, to whom he loaned it, was murdered by her lover.

Simon Montharides, who sold it to the Sultan Abdul Hamid, was thrown over a precipice while riding with his wife and child; all were killed.

Abu Sabir, a lapidary, who polished it, was tortured and imprisoned.

Kulub Bey, who guarded it, was hanged in the street by a Turkish mob.

The keeper of its vault was strangled.

Zubayba, the Sultan's favorite, was killed by her master. The jewel was taken from her neck and put among the treasures of Yildiz Kiosk, which was later looted and the diamond stolen. A Turkish commission was appointed in October, 1909, to find it.

Abdul Hamid paid $400,000 for the stone. He was dethroned.

Jehver Agha, an official of the Yildiz, attempted to steal the stone and was hanged.

Selim Habib, Persian diamond merchant, who had handled the gem, was drowned in the sinking of the French steamer Seyne off Singapore, November, 1909; the stone, however, was safe in Paris.

January 11, 1911, Mrs. Edward B. McLean, of Washington, D. C., bought it, wore it and was sued for $180,000 by Cartier, the jeweler.

In May, 1919, her only child, Vinson McLean, the "Hundred-Million-Dollar Baby," the most closely safeguarded child on earth, rushed from his nurse's side and was crushed to death under the wheels of an automobile in Washington.

Nothing else in all history, nothing in fiction or the drama parallels the extraordinary record of this sinister jewel, which is related for the first time by a remarkable woman whose own life was blighted—by its wicked "curse"? This will be told from week to week on this page.

### CHAPTER IV.

*(Continued from Last Sunday)*

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IN previous chapters I have told a little of my early girlhood days, of my stage ambitions and the happy moment when a great stage manager gave me my first contract. I remember that day very clearly—was it the happiest day of my life?

Suddenly, under quite unusual circumstances for an American girl, I was faced with that very question.

"Would you mind telling me, Lady May, what has been the happiest moment in your life so far?"

It was the Prince of Wales, afterward Edward VII., speaking to me. Always the Prince called me "Lady May" and not by my proper and more formal title, Lady Francis.

It was at a Christmas Eve dinner at the house of Alfred de Rothschild, in Seymour Place, London, not long after my marriage to Lord Hope. The Prince sat on my left, while at my right sat his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, who had then just become also Duke of Coburg-Gotha, reigning sovereign of the German principality of that name.

The Prince did not appear to be serious. We had been drinking a champagne toast to his brother's new estate as ruler of Coburg-Gotha, and I had added to the toast a little whisper to the Duke, "I hope you will be very happy as a king." The Prince had turned quickly to me and asked me to designate my own happiest moment, with a smile that seemed to invite a frivolous answer.

Yet I knew there was a hidden purpose in the Prince's question. That was a trick of his—one of his ways of fathoming people whom he would prefer to like. So I answered him truthfully:

"I do not know whether it was when I got my first engagement on the stage or when I found out the man whom I was engaged to marry was a real live lord. I went out of my head with happiness each time."

The Prince studied me for a moment, and then a merry twinkle came into his eyes. I saw that I had pleased him, and that we would remain friends. Just at that time fashionable London was greatly concerned by my becoming mistress of the "Hope Diamond." That an "insignificant little actress" should jump from the footlights to the certainty of becoming a duchess, as I would be when Lord Hope became Duke of Newcastle, was bad enough, but that I should also come into possession of the great blue diamond, which thousands of young marriageable daughters of the nobility had dreamed of wearing at high state occasions as the wife of Lord Francis, was too much. I saw that the Prince had expected me to say that the happiest time of my life was when I realized that I, a girl of the footlights, had won this distinction away from all the daughters of lords and earls and dukes in the kingdom. He was pleased to see that my happiness had been more modest.

"We will hope," the Duke of Edinburgh said, "that Lord Francis's famous diamond does not visit upon you the misfortunes it has brought to so many beautiful women and famous men."

"Never fear, Your Highness," I returned. "I have heard there is a devil in the diamond, but it will never pester me."

How foolish I was and how confident that my love for Lord Francis and his love for me would surmount all evil! I am not superstitious, but after-events seem to show that even then the "devil in the diamond" was laying its trap for me with the same sinister sway it has exerted for centuries over those who have come in contact with the marvellous gem.

The charming Marchioness de Montespan was a favorite of Louis XIV., and no doubt my buoyant feelings and brave hopes were also in the heart of the fascinating Marchioness.

There was good reason for the beautiful Montespan giving way to a desire to number the "blue diamond" among the King's gifts to her. Others before her in the King's favor had succumbed to the same ambition—but Montespan might well have shuddered at the seemingly inevitable consequences. One after the other all those of her predecessors who had felt the fascination of the flashing gem had come to grief.

There was, for instance, the lovely Mlle. de la Motte d'Argencourt, who is described as being the most alluring of Louis's earlier enchantresses.

In a stolen tete-a-tete with d'Argencourt in the apartments of the Queen's mother one night Louis is said to have remarked, while showing his diamond to d'Argencourt:

"I would make you Queen of France, my dear, despite my royal relatives, if I thought I would be able to keep your delightfulness for myself alone as easily as I can keep for myself the splendor of my blue diamond."

"How can you say that, Sire," the favorite exclaimed, "when not even you, a King, can prevent a diamond from giving its beauty to whomever wishes merely to gaze upon it?"

"Ah, but I can shut up the blue diamond and guard it by merely closing my hand around it. A pretty woman loses half her lustre when she is shut up, and surely not even a King's armies can prevent her thoughts from straying where they will, and a woman's thoughts are at least the lesser half of her attractiveness."

After a while d'Argencourt persuaded the King to let her have for a time this blue diamond, of which she became bitterly jealous. And it was not long before the pretty d'Argencourt was packed away to a convent, disgraced and discarded.

Among all the historic characters who have been associated with the Hope Diamond and who have suffered their tragedies perhaps as the result, this Mme. de Montespan surely is the most interesting. For twelve years she was the left-hand consort of the greatest monarch in history. To-day her blood runs in the veins of almost every royal and ancient ducal family of Europe. Her ambition to become the favorite of the Grand Monarque was born at the very moment when first her eyes rested upon the malevolent flashes of the beautiful gem of the Princess Brisbun, and her downfall occurred within a few years after she finally had persuaded her royal admirer to hang the diamond about her shapely neck.

Mme. de Montespan was the beautiful Mlle. de Tonnay-Charente, daughter of the distinguished Duc de Mortemart. Her mother was one of the favorites at the court of Louis XIV, and her father one of its most popular courtiers.

She was twenty years old, already noted for her train of admirers and for her beauty and rather caustic wit, when she first came within the King's notice. It was at a ball given by Louis, at which was staged a daring ballet which the monarch called the "Amours of Hercules." In this dance there participated a bevy of young beauties, all of them daughters of distinguished families. Among these was the young Mlle. de Tonnay-Charente, who, if we may believe the chroniclers, danced with restraint and extreme modesty until, during one of the figures of the dance, she noticed the eyes of the King turned toward her, when, perhaps in an excess of nervousness, she seemingly forgot herself in her awe of the favor thus shown upon her, and proceeded to whirl into the intricate figures of her dance with an abandon which could not help arousing the interest of a young King whose attentions were always yielding to feminine charm.

After the ballet was concluded the King called before him the dancers whom he especially wished to compliment. Among these was Mlle. de Tonnay-Charente.

At this ball Louis wore dangling from his neck chain the flashing blue diamond he had purchased from Tavernier. Perhaps the young mademoiselle was quite as fascinated by its malevolent rays as by the smile of the King himself. At any rate, there are those who, writing their memoirs at that time, have recorded that there is no doubt but that very night Mlle. Francois determined to become the "favorite declared" of France.

Mme. de la Valliere was then the avowed favorite of the King, and she persuaded the monarch during one of the grand military parades he used to give when his army was not busy at war, to allow her to take the blue diamond from its case and wear it around her neck when the beauties of the court gathered in Flanders to witness the parade, which was to be staged there. Louis demurred, but at that time la Valliere was first in his favor—de Montespan only second. He allowed her to enjoy the sensation caused by her appearance in public with the famous gem dangling from its chain, and even watched with satisfaction the admiration bestowed upon it by the many courtiers who thus were given their first opportunity of examining it. A few weeks later Mme. de la Valliere ran away to a convent to escape being made a mere screen for the King's meetings with the beautiful Montespan.

Many years later the Marquise de Brinvilliers, one of the court beauties of the time, while being racked in the torture chamber, moaned out a confession in which she startled the administrators of the torture with a memory of this time when la Valliere wore the blue diamond with the King's consent, with the conspiring Mme. de Montespan looking jealously on.

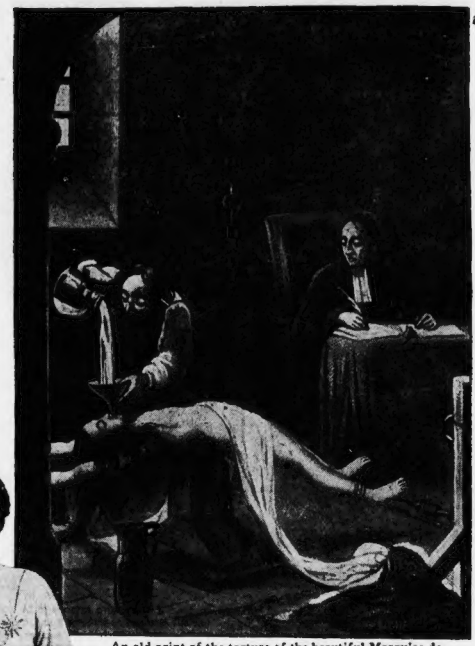
This Marquise de Brinvilliers was one of the patrons of Mme. la Voisin, a notorious poisoner. The infamous scandals of the "black mass," which I shall describe a little further on, had become public property, and this associate of the principal poisoner was being "questioned" by means of the agonizing water cure. She told the judges that a few days after the last military parade, at which la Valliere had been a spectator, Mme. de Montespan had come to her and appealed to her for a "potion" which would cause the death of her rival for the King's affections. She told the judges the Marquise de Brinvilliers had expostulated with Mme. de Montespan, telling her that it would be unnecessary for her to plot against the life of la Valliere, since it was well known throughout Paris the King's love was rapidly changing from the older favorite to the newer one—but de Montespan had replied that she had just seen a new sign of la Valliere's hold upon the King, in itself an evidence that la Valliere's influence with her royal janitor was as powerful as ever.

During the first years of her reign over the royal heart de Montespan was more of a queen than France has had since. Although Louis once cautioned his ministers to keep watch over his relations with pretty women and, whenever they saw that one of them was gaining an influence in the affairs of state, to warn him and if necessary to protect him, to use any methods they chose to rid France of the woman thus gaining an ascendancy over him, Montespan even overawed these same ministers, turned them into lackeys for herself whenever she so desired and even ridiculed the Queen before her face.

There were many aspiring young women, daughters of powerful dukes and marshals, who were constantly setting their traps for Louis's favor in those days, but Montespan triumphed over them all. Strange as it may seem, the first signs of her eventual downfall began to appear about the time that Louis bestowed upon her as his gift his choicest treasure—the diamond of Tavernier. Mme. de Montespan, whose alliance with the King was well known to the court, but who had not yet publicly supplanted the Duchess de la Valliere,

# ...y Yohe (Lady Francis Hope)

## the "Curse" That Has ...d



An old print of the torture of the beautiful Marquise de Brinvilliers. A close friend of the Montespan, she was accused of poisoning among others certain ladies of King Louis's court of whom Mme. de Montespan was jealous. She was beheaded.

May Yohe before she married Lord Francis Hope.

"Craftily Mme. de Montespan would pour these love philtres into the infatuated monarch's cup at their tete-a-tetes, hoping by such means to keep the fickle King's love."

...ly tricked la Valliere one night into rushing away convent fifty miles from Paris, whence a false mes- had come with de Montespan's connivance, an- cing the serious illness of her sister. When Louis t that night to the apartments of la Valliere he d awaiting him there instead the radiant de Monte- , who confessed to him her ruse and explained that had thus arranged matters so that he might spend her undiscovered that full allotment of his time h the court would grant without comment to la ore. "She will not dare tell them she was not here," ontespan reminded the King, "when she learns you ined in her apartment as usual, for fear of ridicule the busybodies learn that she was replaced during absence."

...ouis was delighted with the prank. The letter writ- Mme. de Sevigne tells us that the very next evening e, de Montespan appeared in the grand ball room ring the blue diamond, flaunting it before the discom- la Valliere as a souvenir of the success of her trick night before.

...fter that de Montespan was accepted by the court as real favorite, la Valliere was banished and left her in full enjoyment of the honors of the "maitresse aire." De Montespan had the diamond. Within a she suffered her first slight at the hands of Louis. which, while it proved but a lovers' quarrel, worried her considerably and sent her again to her friend, the Marquise de Brinvilliers, who, with the aid of la Voisin, summoned "witchcraft" to aid de Montespan keep the King bound to her.

Belief in witchcraft at this period was wellnigh universal. Not only the common people, but the bourgeoise and the nobility were as ignorant and as grossly superstitious as in the Middle Ages. All sort and conditions of people flocked to the house of la Voisin, sent there by de Brinvilliers; youths barely out of their teens begging her for some charms to soften the hearts of their mistresses or to bend the opposition of some stern parent; women of mature years who had been neglected for fresher charms seeking her aid to compel faithless ones to return to them—even young wives anxious for the death of elderly husbands.

To de Brinvilliers, who was the centre of a gay coterie, Montespan related her troubles—she was afraid, now that she was acknowledged favorite of the King, the friends of la Valliere, the banished favorite, or the friends of Mme. de Maintenon, then aspiring to be one, would succeed some time in influencing the King against her. She wanted potions or other devices of witchcraft to keep Louis's love firmly attracted toward her alone.

The Marquise de Brinvilliers took de Montespan to the house of la Voisin. De Montespan met for the first time the infamous Guibourg, the sacristan at Saint-Marcel, at Saint-Denis. This man was notorious among certain fashionable woman for his willingness to perform sorceries calculated "to remove bothersome husbands or restore and keep the affections of recalcitrant admirers." But so vile and hideous were these sorceries that even those who believed they had benefited from them would not describe their details to even those intimates to whom they recommended them. The most heinous of all these rituals was the abominable "black mass," which a few years later was to shock all France when the authorities discovered its practice by this sacrilegious wretch with the beautiful Montespan, favorite of the King, as one of its devotees.

De Brinvilliers, la Voisin and their confederate, Guibourg, assured the troubled favorite that even a King could not withstand the sorceries of the "black mass," and declared that this must be the rite performed if she was to have the means of keeping his love. She asked for a description of the ceremonies, but Guibourg sternly rebuked her for such idle curiosity. She must, he said, resign herself to him and present herself at the appointed place, at his command, and be ready to practice that abandon of obedience which "the spirits" demanded.

Accordingly de Montespan appeared, wrapped in a heavy cloak, at midnight before the gate of a gloomy chateau at Mesnil. She was admitted by a woman, Francoise Filastre, who, the judges later discovered, had brought her own child, a girl of four years to be sacrificed, so rich was the fee collected by Guibourg for this sorcery upon the King.

Mme. de Montespan was led to the darkened chapel of the chateau. She was eager for the success of the ceremony about to be performed; she was impressed by the weird preparations and awed by the gloominess of her surroundings and the black-robed figures of de Brinvilliers, la Voisin, the old woman, Guibourg and other men and women whose offices were necessary.

At the foot of the "altar" the little daughter of the woman Filastre was strangled by Guibourg himself and its blood drawn to mix in the philter that was prepared, while a chant was sung to "Ashtaroth, Asmodeus, Princes of Affection." It was a bestial, pagan ceremony, a hideous travesty of the holy sacrament, with rites so degenerate the callous judges of the torture chamber years later could scarce believe their ears when it was described on the rack by the Marquise de Brinvilliers and the degraded Guibourg himself. It seemed almost unbelievable that a delicate, beautiful young woman of the refinement which was de Montespan's by inheritance, could have borne the shame of a memory of it.

Three times, a week apart, this "La Messe Noire," or "black mass," had to be performed. Then the philtres componded each time were delivered to de Montespan. Craftily Mme. de Montespan would pour these love philtres into the infatuated monarch's cup at their tete-a-tetes.

At last whispers of these weird ceremonies in the chateau at Mesnil reached the King. His lieutenant of police was summoned and instructed to establish an inquiry, to summon before him all who were said to know about these rites of the "devil worshipers." That any one attached to his own court could be implicated never occurred to Louis, and we may imagine his horror when victims of the torture chamber, including even one of his victorious Marshals, Luxembourg, disclosed the names of those for whom the "black mass" was performed, ladies of his most intimate circle, noble duchesses who were attendant upon his Queen and, most horrible of all—for de Montespan herself!

The agents of Louis were brutally frank in their description of what those philtres had contained and how they were compounded. If nothing else could be shown to prove that the great Louis was truly merciful, the fact that he did not have de Montespan tortured to death after these revelations would testify to his benevolence. Instead he allowed her to remain at court, ostensibly in full enjoyment of her position as his favorite, while he transferred his affections to Mme. de Maintenon.

When she could endure her disgrace no longer, de Montespan, bereft of many of the gifts the King had showered upon her, including the splendid blue diamond, retired to a convent. Here repentance seized upon her and her mortification of the flesh makes one of the most unique chapters in the history of the discarded favorites of the French kings.

Her chemises and sheets were of the coarsest and roughest unbleached linen, although in deference to her inherent pride she concealed them beneath ordinary sheets and underwear. She wore continually bracelets, garters and corsets in which were fixed sharp iron points, and, as a most poignant torture of all, she hired waiting women to come to her bed every hour when she slept to awaken her with the cry, "Madame, arouse yourself; the King is approaching!" Could there be a more pitiful punishment—this awakening every hour from forgetful slumber with a summons to receive the king and its constant reminded when sleep was rubbed from her eyes that never again would that summons mean aught but a mockery of her past.

I often wonder if the fate of de Montespan would have been different, even as I wonder if mine had been more happy, if the Hope Diamond had never passed into our hands with its potency for evil.

But now I must return again to my own story:

If my answer to the Prince of Wales's question as to what was the happiest moment of my life seems to be rather evasive, it was because I am not sure at this moment whether the vista of my future in British titled society or the offer of A. M. Palmer of a real opportunity on the stage gave me the greater thrill.

How vividly I remember Mr. Palmer's remark, "Not so bad, little girl; not so bad! I'll engage you."

Away I soared into a heaven of delight. I was to be a New York actress. My head began to whirl; I was in the clouds; but I came back to earth again with a rush when the great manager said, "Your salary to commence will be nine dollars a week." Nine dollars and keep myself! I could do better than that teaching the piano in Philadelphia. I slipped my hand into the madre's and we crept out of the big, empty, dreary place like two mice that had been badly scared.

I wanted to go back home right then, but mother said, "No, let's go and try Mr. Daly." It was the same thing over again, only he offered me a little more money; but oh! so little—not enough to live on and buy boot leather. We went home and didn't say a word to any one about our blighted hopes, but I became ill with brain fever. I guess I worried quite a lot about that time. One defeat to the very young looks like disaster, but the passing years bring courage if you have any backbone.

When I got well I worked at my music, and in between whiles dreamed dreams, and some of the nice American boys made love to me, and I fear I flirted with them. Nothing cures the pangs of blighted ambition like a little harmless flirting, and I soon found myself singing about the house again.

Once again Fate threw a bouquet at me. John Russell, the actor-manager, came to Philadelphia with a company. He was producing a musical comedy called "Natural Gas." The leading lady, Miss Jeannie Yeamans, became ill, and I heard that John Russell wanted some one to understudy her, so, without a word to any one, I went and saw him. He looked me up and down rather disdainfully, I thought, and asked, "Can you sing?" "Yes." "Well," he said, "I've no one here to accompany you, and I suppose you don't play!" "Yes, I do!"

He seemed rather surprised at my self-confidence, and motioned me to the piano. Down I sat and sang Tosti's famous song, "Bid Me Good-by and Go."

John Russell was just wild with delight. He had expected to have to send to New York for a big salaried prima donna. He beamed on me and offered me the engagement there and then at sixty dollars a week. The sky looked very blue at that moment to me, for sixty dollars a week to the little music teacher, not yet out of short frocks, was a fortune.

This was one of the moments I referred to when I said to the Prince of Wales that I didn't know whether I was happiest when I got my first position on the stage or when I learned that the man I was engaged to, Lord Francis Hope, was a real live lord. And now I really think this moment was the happiest—the most joyous time in my life. I really believe there are few girls in the world who, at some period of their young lives, do not entertain a more or less secret longing to be an actress. Some, of course, have no sincere ambition in this yearning—they just think they'd like to be what they think actresses are—butterflies, with all the world paying court to them and all the nice boys wild over them. Others are serious, and feel that the stage holds a genuine career for them. I was one of those who didn't look upon the stage as a merry adventure, but as something that would lift me up to heights I wanted to reach—fame, success, fortune and a place in the world all my own. When John Russell said I was engaged and that my salary would be sixty dollars a week I would not have traded places with Queen Victoria.

*(To be Continued Next Sunday)*

# The New Genius Who Carves Masterpieces With A Pick-axe

## *Astonishing Success of a Peasant Sculptor Who "Took Over Night" the Place of the Great Rodin--- and Whose Unconventional Ideas of Picking His Models Have Set Paris in an Uproar*

PARIS, July 8.

ALMOST like a fairy tale is the career of Paul Darde, the shepherd boy sculptor of France. He is for the moment the most conspicuous figure in the French world of art, a man of extraordinary personality, and everybody is talking about his surprising genius and his marvelous success.

Darde is a great sculptor who never received any regular artistic training, but developed his ideas while working or watching nature in the fields and studying such works of sculpture as came under his notice during his wanderings.

Another amazing fact about Darde is that he carves his masterpieces with a rough pick-axe, an implement with whose use he became familiar while laboring as a boy. With this rough implement he works with absolute perfection of technique, certainty and inspiration. He does not make little clay models like ordinary sculptors.

Other men have, of course, developed a certain artistic ability without training, but they have rarely reached a position at the top of the ladder. Darde is universally accepted as a genius, or at least a great sculptor, by the official world and by all schools of art.

He has received the National Prize of Sculpture from the French Government, the highest honor given to sculptors in France. Some admirers have called him "the new Rodin," but it is to be noted that he excites no violent criticism such as met that famous sculptor during a large part of his life.

Another great public honor paid to Darde is the purchase of his work "The Eternal Agony" (Eternelle Douleur) by the state for permanent exhibition in the Luxembourg Gallery. Other works by him have been purchased by various public bodies.

Many peculiarities and oddities, in addition to his very real talent, help to account for the extraordinary public interest excited by Darde. He has never worked from a human model, something that has rarely been said of a serious sculptor. He creates his figures from his memory of living persons or animals or inanimate objects he has seen here and there. His memory and his capacity for producing a likeness are astonishing and have led to some rather disconcerting results.

For instance, Parisian society quickly discovered that Darde's now famous faun showed a remarkable likeness to a wealthy Parisian nobleman noted during more than thirty years for his audacious and untiring gallantries. Darde had seen the nobleman perhaps accidentally, and in accordance with his unconventional method of working had employed his features to give the necessary "joie de vivre" expression to his lively faun.

Similarly the features in "The Eternal Agony" were recognized as those of a prominent woman who has suffered a crushing series of misfortunes and bereavements. In consequence nobody of prominence knows when his personal peculiarities will be immortalized in marble by the gifted pick-axe of Darde.

During his life as a shepherd Darde gained a profound familiarity with the animals and all outdoor objects. He has learned to combine the faces of animals and human beings in an amazing manner, so that he can make a man look like a dog or a dog like a man. Consequently everybody is wondering when his features will appear in some whimsical composition of Darde.

To see Darde at work on one of his creations is a spectacle greatly appreciated by the artistic and fashionable world. As he wields his pick like a common laborer against a mass of unsympathetic stone it is hard to understand that he is chopping out a brilliant work of art. It is a gigantic statue of "Laocoon," which the city of Paris has ordered, upon which Darde is now working. The nine-ton block of granite which is now being shaped by the master blows of his pick, is but one of three similar blocks that will be necessary to complete the work.

This nine-ton, oblong piece of granite upon which he is working was left at the door of his studio lying on its side by the men who delivered it. Darde, all by himself—for he has no one to assist him in his work—raised this on its end and placed it in position in his workshop—a feat that makes the achievements of the Egyptians in building the pyramids seem puny. He is a physical giant. You would not wonder at this if you could see the arduous labor which he bestows upon his work from morning until night. When asked why he did not allow some one to assist him in moving this block, he said:

"I love to handle the material with which I am going to work myself, for I want to know it intimately."

As you watch Darde work, large bits of stone flying in every direction, delivering blows with his pick of such force that you expect to see the block of granite cleave in twain, you are forced to feel that if Darde knows the material intimately with which he is working, the material itself, perhaps, knows his master hand and stroke even better. For when you expect to see some enormous mass of stone broken off by Darde's giant blow, it simply crumbles and scales off to the desired shape and form of the master's creation as if it were hypnotized and voluntarily conformed itself to the artist's will.

Darde needs no exercise to keep him fit after his work. He said that while he had heard of golf he thought the form of exercise that he took daily was much more rational, for, he said: "The blows I give create and leave something behind them."

The intense, arduous manual labor which Darde exerts in following his art, as well as his long experience as a toiler in the fields, has made him a giant of remarkable muscular development. In fact, no one but a giant could endure the strenuous exertion which Darde puts into his work. It would be difficult to imagine one of the sickly representatives of the modern school of art trying to handle his implements. But to Darde this work is a pleasure, for he is a real man—a child of nature.

As he works he sees before him in the block of stone his conception completed, standing out as if it were already accomplished. He never works from a puny plaster model as other artists do. He merely makes a drawing of his idea and then goes to work directly on the stone. When asked what he did when he made a mistake by cutting too much off at one part or another, he said:

"I do not know why it should be, but I cannot conceive the idea of ever making a mistake. The conception transfers itself from my mind into the stone—it really exists there; I see it. I merely work to liberate it. I follow my ideas and the result is always as I have felt it."

In making his sketches for his statues, he does them in colors—because that presents to him more clearly the idea he desires to express in the stone.

Darde has explained why he never works from human models. He said that he has yet to see a nude female model, although he has designed many women. Speaking of this, he said: "Of course I know anatomy well, and from that I have my own conception as to what a perfect body should be. But I find that in expressing action or force it is impossible to get your inspiration from some poor model who comes in to pose for you for twenty francs. He cannot feel the sentiment that is within your mind. He is just there for the money you are going to give him. When I want to get an effect, I merely feel what I want to express, pose in the position that is natural, look at myself and make notes. When I am posing it is with my heart in that pose; when a model poses it is merely with his body, and the only mentality he puts into his work is thinking of the twenty francs he will get."

As Darde was picking away at his "Laocoon," outside the door sat a simple, plain little peasant woman, his wife, who was darning his socks. She was the proudest little woman who ever came to Paris and takes as much interest in her husband's success as if it were her own.

This is the man who some years ago went to Italy rich in his vibrant youth, his great hopes and several hundred-franc bills. When he returned to Paris and recounted his artistic pilgrimage and what he had seen—and he had seen everything—he caused the utmost wonder among his friends as to how he could have done such a trip upon his limited capital. He laughingly explained: "What more could I wish? I really did have to tighten my belt a little to make a visit to Michael Angelo, to Donatello, to Massacio, to Tintoret and some of the others. I slept on the floor of a third-class railroad car to economize my hotel bill. But in the beautiful Italian villages there are wonderful fountains of excellent water and at that period a slice of sausage could be had for nothing. They were the good times."

This is the man who recently came to Paris, as poor as Job, and forged his way ahead toward his star. A simple recital of this man's wonderful talent that came under the eyes of a Minister of the French Government, Monsieur Laferre, caused a hitherto unheard of miracle to be performed in the administration of the Beaux Arts. A studio in the Depot des Marbres was placed at the disposal of this young and unknown artist—one of the studios that is always reserved for some famous and already crowned genius—and the "shepherd boy stonecutter," as Darde calls himself—not sculptor, but "stonecutter"—had the satisfaction of seeing his original marble of his "L'Eternelle Douleur," which has made such a sensation at the Salon, bought by the State. By a strange coincidence the studio which he uses was occupied by Rodin when he made his "Porte d'Enfer," so that it is now called the "studio dantesque."

Darde told your correspondent the remarkable story of his rise and artistic development. He was born of poor, but thrifty parents, cultivating a farm in southern France. His father wished to make him an educated man, but he showed unconquerable stupidity in everything except that which appealed to his artistic instincts. So he was put to work in the fields and allowed to go his own way. What followed is best told in the sculptor's own words:

"I always distinguished myself for my stupidity every place I went. At school it was the same thing. I was never able to learn one lesson of catechism, and although I was constantly reading the Bible, I remembered nothing of it except those passages that waked in my mind a world of pictures or stirred my imagination. It was only the historical parts that appealed to me. I was more interested in such ancient histories as those of Rome, Greece, Chaldea, India. Universal geography held my attention strongly. But to remember a simple fact, date, lesson or anything that I had to learn mechanically was an impossible task for me.

"I remained in school until I was fourteen but I did not learn much to my advantage. While I tried to be a willing, conscientious pupil, I was very ignorant, extremely nervous, small and sickly. I felt confined and knew what I needed to develop—air, light and freedom.

"Then my parents placed me in the fields to work and I began to become happy. I was no taller than a boot when I commenced work in the fields, but the work on the farm and in the vineyards soon made me regain what had been lost in my confinement. In six months I had doubled my size and gained a good appetite and become a husky rascal. I was like a tree whose sap had been vitiated by bad surroundings which had come into its own again under the influence of the warm sunshine and the grateful showers.

"Everywhere nature seemed to be speaking to me. When I watched my sheep the intense solitude about me transported me into an Arcadia all my own—a dreamland of projects, where ambition and its crimes were unknown.' I painted wonder-pictures mentally, modelled groups with my thoughts as the medium, wondering if the day would ever come that I might realize my dreams. When, in tilling the fields, I happened to turn up a stone it seemed to call to me. Its shape would suggest a sculptured conception of something of which I had been reading. I would take these stones home at night, and, with the crude tools that I would find about the house, carve out my ideas. I remember when I was twelve years old turning up a peculiarly shaped piece of gypsum which immediately suggested an episode in Dante's 'Divine Comedy,' which I had been reading. I took it home and carved it into a group which I have to this day.

"The life's lesson that came to me in my work sowing the crops, making hay, harvesting the wheat, working the vines, have been to me the most wonderful uplifting influence of my life, developing my strength morally and physically. I have gained in this healthy labor an indefatigable energy, found truths that will remain eternal, known nature to its very heart, learned an appreciation of what is real in life—invaluable capital which came from the observation of the common sense of just plain natural men and the instincts of wise animals. I loved the marvelous nature with which I was surrounded; the mountains with their firm, nervous lines and pure refined colorings, which seemed to rear their proud arrogant heads above everything to belittle the Roman antiquity, ruins and traces of which are so plentiful in my country. Often when working in the vines I would find a piece of an old Roman vase in turning up the ground about the roots of a vine.

"I was nine years old when I made my first carving. It was in sandstone and I had the strange desire to reproduce my foot, which I did. From that time my determination to be a sculptor was fixed."

"Eternal Agony"—the Immensely Powerful Head by Paul Darde, Whose Conception He Drew from a Prominent French Woman of Tragic History and Which Set Him Out as France's Greatest Sculptor.



Darde at Work with His Pick Upon His Statue of the Faun, a Conception in Whose Leering Face Paris Gossip Traces the Lineaments of One of Its Most Famous Aristocrats.

A Profile View of the Head of the Much Discussed "Faun."

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# Chauville's Secret—

*By one of those curious coincidences which not rarely occur in literature, "Hidden Treasure," the thrilling novel by David Whitelaw, now appearing here, was given the same title as the very interesting book by John Thomas Simpson, published by J. B. Lippincott & Company, of Philadelphia. Although the two stories have in their subject matter no points in common, the remainder of Mr. Whitelaw's story will be published under the title of "Chauville's Secret."*

"It was some moments before Vivian's strong fingers could make any impression on the carved apple, but presently its top unscrewed gratingly and came off in his hand."

## CHAPTER X.

*The Secret of the Dartignys.*

THE same motives which had been responsible for Vivian Renton's residence in the cafe in the Latin Quartier now seemed to cause Baptiste Dartin to fix upon a secluded boarding house in Camden Town as his London abode.

It was to a room on the first floor that he carried the ancestral chest of the Dartignys.

With his penknife he whittled away at the wood beside one of the hinges, and inserting the point of the poker he used it as a lever. The oak was stout and the workmanship good, but perseverance won the battle, and with a creak of protest the wood splintered and yielded up its secret.

A little cloud of dust rose as Vivian wrenched off the lid, and when this had settled a curious sight met his eyes. A few pieces of gold and silver plate, richly chased and of exquisite workmanship, gleamed through wrappings of decayed and threadbare cloth. There were cases of worm-eaten leather, too, containing quaint old brooches and necklaces, rings and bracelets—valuable enough, but dulled with age, as though the stones had despaired of ever seeing daylight again. The man who now regarded them felt a distinct disappointment creeping over him, as one by one he lifted out the treasures.

He sat down in an old horsehair armchair and lit a pipe. It was a peculiar sight—the dull gleam of the vessels on the old tablecloth with the background of tawdry wallpaper and cheap oleographs. One of these, a portrait of the late Queen Victoria, seemed to be regarding the scene with marked disapproval. Dartin wondered what Mrs. Bates, his landlady, would think if she were to come up.

He broke off in his thoughts as his eye fell upon a small square of parchment hardly hidden beneath one of the leather cases. He had not noticed it before and he took it up with interest. It was tied by a faded thin red ribbon to a large, heavy key of intricate workmanship. Vivian translated the words on it in wonderment:

"Key to the hidden closet in Chateau Chauville, fitting the keyhole behind the apple in the right-hand panel on the south side wall of the dining-hall."

Vivian sat for some minutes deep in thought. The words on the scrap of parchment were amazingly vague, and he asked himself whether he had not already spent too much time and money on the affairs of the de Dartignys. Better to see old Moseburg at once, clear the matter up and turn to other and more profitable game.

But there was Eddie—the one man who knew. Vivian's past associates were barred to him by the happenings at No. 9 Mortimer Terrace. It would never do to tread upon the trail of that sleeping crime. By taking on his affair he had burnt his boats and——he jumped up with and oath and brought his fist down on the table, flinging the costly litter spread upon it.

"No; I'll see it through—to the very end. I'll realize on some of those jewels and put the others in a safe deposit. Luckily, I know the old chateau; I can at least test the truth of this matter of the keyhole."

He had been shown over the place once, and no doubt the old caretaker would be willing to show him over again.

He packed the valuable objects away in one of his portmanteaus, keeping back only a chain and locket and a small string of pearls. This latter he pledged with Attenborough the same afternoon, the price lent upon it being such as to cause the spirit of Vivian Renton to rise considerably.

That evening as Monsieur Baptiste Dartin, in company with Robert Baxenter, sauntered among the promenaders in the "Empire," he laughingly told the story of his fortunes. He made very light of the whole affair.

"About a thousand pounds' worth, I should say, Mr. Baxenter; nice old monogram stuff—rather too swanky for us Colonials, I'm afraid. By-the-by, I brought this for you—a sort of memento," and Vivian took from his pocket the locket and chain. "Rather quaint, eh? I expect there is some lady somewhere who"——

He had spoken facetiously, but there was a look in the young solicitor's eyes which caused the speaker to break off rather abruptly.

Robert Baxenter, murmuring his thanks, dropped the locket into his vest pocket and followed M. Dartin back to the stalls. Neither seemed anxious to return to the subject of the treasure of the Dartignys.

## CHAPTER XI.

*The Carved Apple.*

THERE is a little arbor adjoining the inn of the "Three Lilies," a sheltered, vine-clad retreat from which the fair land of France spreads itself out, a radiant picture in the Summer sunshine—and fully appreciative of all this beauty was the man who sat before an easel within its pleasant shade one August afternoon.

Baptiste Dartin had no great knowledge of the art of painting, but he was gifted with a superficial skill in color which a student of less virile brain might have studied years to acquire and never succeeded. He had been in Massey three weeks and the small population were beginning to like this stranger from Paris who depicted—and made them presents of—such delightful little paintings of their countryside.

Monsieur Paul de Barron, the present owner of the property of Chauville, was in residence at the chateau, and Henri, the caretaker, who well remembered Vivian's last visit, had less time on his hands than formerly. He was able, however, to slip up to the "Lilies" of an afternoon, where, cigarette in mouth, he would watch the deft brushwork of his agreeable acquaintance. Vivian had given him a slight sketch of the chateau towers showing above the trees, and the old fellow, to whom Chauville and all pertaining to it were as sacred things, had become the painter's very slave for it.

Henri, seated beside him this Summer afternoon, watched the artist in a lazy content. Beside him were a box of cigarettes and a bottle of claret. The sun beat down through the vines clustering overhead and scattered little golden discs of radiance upon the boarded floor. A bee droned musically over the flowers in the garden. Framed between the supports of the trellis-work, cornfields and vineyards shimmered in the heat; afar off the hills, patched with forest lands, spoke of breeze and shadow.

Vivian, skilfully touching in the purple shade beneath a clump of poplars, was speaking carelessly. He did not take his eyes from his sketching-block.

"I'm glad you like the little drawing, Henri. I'm no artist, but——"

"Ah! monsieur—it is the chateau I love, not the art—that is—I mean," Henri stammered over his faux pas, "it is very beautifully done, Monsieur Dartin."

For a moment Vivian painted on without speaking, then:

"I'm better at interiors, Henri—dim old rooms, and all that. Look at that old panelling in the chateau, for instance—what a charming picture, Henri; I'll do it for you, if you like, when Monsieur de Barron goes away—next month, didn't you say?"

And Henri, who had no wish that the treasures under his care should blush unseen, rose to the bait with avidity—monsieur was too kind—he would have it framed like the other and they would go one on either side of his bed.

And so it was that on an afternoon when the September sun made glorious the old carvings of the Chauville dining-room, Monsieur Baptiste Dartin stood for the second time in the ancestral home of the Dartignys. He had entered warily, even to the extent of looking anywhere save at the panelling by the fireplace. He remarked, instead, to old Henri, on the carved ceiling, the windows in which the de Barron escutcheon had replaced that of the Dartignys. It was the caretaker himself who drew attention to the fireplace and to the defaced coat of arms in the stonework. Here the new resident, who was no Philistine, had respected history, and this broken and defaced shield of the Dartignys now remained to remind one of the days of the Revolution.

It was old Henri, too, who suggested the subject of the sketch, the angle to the right of the great stone hearth, with its rich coloring of oak and the little grouping of dim family portraits. There was a beam of sunlight that came athwart the room, and Vivian could hardly repress a start as he saw that this rested upon an exquisite carving of a cornucopia, and in the fruit that was tumbling from it an apple showed prominently.

He chose a position by the table, facing the fruit he was so eager to examine. Surely never, since the historic apple of Eden, had fruit such a fascination for a man. The painter could hardly hide his irritation when he saw that old Henri, taking a seat near him, produced his cigarettes and settled down to enjoy the painting.

For an hour or two work went on steadily and silently, then the caretaker rose and stretched his limbs. He had work that he must attend to—perhaps monsieur would come back and finish the sketch. In the mind of the old servant no shadow of suspicion had place, but there was an unformed idea at the back of his head that it was hardly right to leave him there alone, but—he was such a gentleman, and if he offended him he would stand little chance of possessing the picture that was progressing so well in the artist's sketch-book.

"Only another half-hour, Henri; the light of this setting sun is splendid—look at that golden ray on that old soldier's coat in the portrait—I can let myself out if I don't see you."

And it was said in such simplicity that the caretaker, entirely disarmed, hesitated no longer.

The door of the dining-room closed behind him, and the artist, waiting a moment, rose warily and tip-toed to the windows. He could make out the bent figure of the old man crossing the gardens and watched him until he disappeared into one of the farm buildings which showed across a meadow of parched grass that was separated from the gardens by a graceful line of poplars.

It was some moments before Vivian's strong fingers could make any impression on the carved apple—moments when he told himself wood beneath his hand moved; beads of moisture pricked out on his forehead as he verified this, then the top of the apple unscrewed gratingly and came away in his hand. He gave a little cry of relief.

Hastily whipping open his shirt he drew out the key which he had found in the chest and which he had suspended round his neck by a ribbon. He was not surprised that it fitted the keyhole that came to light behind the carving—nothing would surprise him now—and he told himself that he had succeeded and that he was on the threshold of wondrous things. A hasty glance at the window showed him the old man still at work in and out of the barns across the meadow.

Vivian carefully oiled the wards of the key from a tiny oil can he took from his paint-box, and, after a few attempts, the heavy key turned—grated—there was a rumble of locks. The man stared in wonderment—nothing had happened.

Then his eyes travelled to the fireplace. The large slab that comprised the back of the deep grate had rolled aside, displaying a cavity through which he could, with that, after all, he had been chasing a shadow. Then, suddenly, a little creak, and he imagined that the stooping, crawl. It seemed to yawn invitingly.

He thought rapidly and decided that what was to be done had better be done at once. It would take old Henri at least ten minutes to return, even if he started back at that moment, and Vivian could see that the old man had settled down to his wood-chopping and was hardly likely to leave the job he had put off to watch the sketching.

Vivian tip-toed across the hearth and, bending nearly double, passed through the aperture.

A circular chamber, choked with the accumulated dust of ages, perhaps ten feet in diameter and with stone walls which narrowed up, meeting in a small dome about a dozen feet above his head. Vivian told himself that he was in one of the round towers which formed the corners of the chateau. The air was hardly breathable, and it was so cold after the sunshine of the room that Vivian shivered slightly.

He came out again almost immediately into the dining-room and passed out through the French windows into the garden. He called to Henri and waved a farewell, then turned the corner of the tower. There he waited out of sight, watching until the old man-servant entered one of the barns, when Vivian returned to the dining-room unperceived. He screwed the apple again into its place and slipped back to the little chamber. There would be nothing now to make Henri return to the chateau, imagining, as he would, that the painter had gone, and Vivian could work in peace.

In his varied career many jewels had passed through the hands of Vivian Renton, but never such priceless gems as these which he was unearthing from their hiding places every minute. Diamonds of a size which polluted to their being historical, pearls matched into strings, emeralds and rubies which threw out their hidden glories to meet the rays of Vivian's tiny electric torch, as though overjoyed at their release. There were vessels, too, of gold and silver, richly carved and curiously designed, counterparts of those he had found in the chest; jewelled rosaries and devotional objects of the richest workmanship. Pictures, also, too, the value of which Vivian could only guess at, were stacked against the walls, and books and jewel-encrusted daggers were heaped together with other objects in heaps which glittered dully under the thick layer of dust which covered everything like a pall.

Vivian sat on an old oaken chest, spellbound. Here were riches that would make Monte Cristo blush in envy. With this wealth at his disposal the freedom of the world was his, friendships, pleasures, titles, were at his bidding.

How long he sat there he could not tell, and it was the sight of a grating in the stone floor which called Vivian down from the airy turrets of his imagination. This grating was, perhaps, some twenty inches square, and as the man bent down and threw the rays of his pocket electric torch upon it he could make out, beyond the rusty bars, the shadowy form of the topmost step of a flight that led down into obscurity. He took a franc-piece from his pocket and dropped it through the iron network and listened. From the reverberations before the coin came to rest the man judged the well-like opening to be of some considerable depth.

Vivian seized one of the bars, and leaning back exerted all his strength. For a moment the cement held; then, with a sudden rending, came away, and the man was thrown violently backward. He staggered in a vain attempt to gain his balance; then, as he fell, his elbow came in sharp contact with the sliding door of the entrance. Vivian all but cried out at the pain, and, too late, he saw the solid mass of masonry and iron, set in motion,

(Continued on Next Page)

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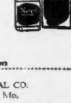

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# Charming Love--Surprising Mystery--Exciting Adventure

(Continued from Preceding Page)

doubtless, by his fall, swing back into place. There was a dull clang as it stopped.

Even then it did not occur to Vivian that he was a prisoner, and it was only after a fruitless search that he came to the conclusion that his treasure-house bid fair to become a tomb. As the significance of this came home to him little beads of cold perspiration broke out over his body and he tottered weakly to one of the iron-clamped chests.

It seemed to him that he had succeeded only to fail; that there was nothing for it but to attract the attention of old Henri. Even then it might be impossible for the old man to release him without the key, which Vivian felt pressing cold against his breast.

He thought that even if he escaped the hideous death which faced him he would lose the riches which he had risked so much to gain. He imagined himself dying by inches, ravaged by hunger and thirst and mocked by the gleaming jewels around him. For a few moments despair seized the soul of Vivian Renton, and he sat dazed, his head burried in his hands.

It was not long before the reaction came. There was time before him and the grating promised more than a ray of hope. Pursuitly, the sketch in the dining-room was unfinished, and old Henri would see nothing suspicious in the paint-box and book left open awaiting its completion, taking it for granted that the painter would return the next day.

The prisoner did not wait to ask himself what he would find at the foot of the dark stairs behind the iron bars. It had ever been his motto that troubles anticipated were twice borne, and that bridges were made to be crossed as one came to them—not before. He found his work easier now that he had the leverage of the loose bar to assist him. In half an hour Vivian was ready to descend. It was part of the man's character that he should take the pick of the stones before he left the chamber. He handled them carelessly, thrusting them into the big pockets of his painting-coat. Then he stood on the top step.

There were eighteen steps in all, but they were high and narrow and the descent was sharp. At the foot an opening led apparently beneath the body of the chateau. With torch extended before him Vivian proceeded. After a few moments the air grew colder and the walls, where he touched them, were clammy and moss-grown. The man told himself that he was now beneath the old moat. At intervals he passed other dark entries which ran in all directions—narrow little tortuous alleys, many of which he explored for a few feet, only to return to the main way. More than once, too, a pit yawned suddenly at his feet, and had it not been for his inborn caution the Chateau Chauville would have added yet another secret to its dark history.

It must have been after an hour's walking that the walls on either hand seemed to recede from Vivian until at last they were lost in the gloom beyond the reach of the rays of the little torch. Apparently the tunnel had widened out into a chamber.

The man hesitated, somewhat mystified by the loss of the friendly walls, and at the same moment his feet came sharply into contact with some obstruction. He stumbled, the torch fell from his hands, a thousand stars danced before him.

He came to himself in bewilderment. The darkness closing in upon him seemed in the silence to be pressing on him. His head ached abominably and there was a wound in the centre of his forehead that was warm and sticky to his touch. Slowly it all came back to him and he knew he must have struck his head as he fell. He reached out, groping in the darkness in the hope of finding the torch uninjured. In this he was disappointed, but he made the discovery that he was lying beside a perpendicular structure of masonry, which, on raising his hand, he found to be the support of what felt to be a table of stone, low and heavily built.

Painfully he drew himself up on to his knees and so to his feet. Again his hands did duty for his eyes and a little cry of horror broke from the man's dry lips.

Beneath the touch of his sensitive hands a form was taking shape—the unmistakable shape of a coffin. It seemed to him that in the darkness he could make out the dim outlines, the sinister bulge of the sides. Feverishly, now, he dropped to his knees and felt for the friendly torch. Light to him had suddenly become as necessary as food to a starving man. The walls of darkness hemmed him in so that he felt that he, too, was in a coffin; then he remembered that in his pocket were a few wax vestas. He struck one upon the stone slab and gazed round him as he held the flickering wax above his head.

Row upon row they lay, that noble army of dead Dartignys, the square ends of their earthly resting places standing out each from its little niche. On the slab before him lay the casket he had felt, a great coffin upon which a rusty cavalry sword and the moth-eaten remains of a flag showed in sombre pageantry.

Vivian Renton was not a nervous man, and although the hand which held the flame trembled a little and filled the place with dancing shadows he felt no fear. After all, one living man was more than a match for a whole array of dead warriors. By the light of the match he recovered his torch, which, to his relief, he found not to have suffered in its fall, and he began a systematic investigation of his surroundings.

He knew quite well, now, where he was; old Henri had shown him pridefully, only yesterday, the chapel in the grounds of Chauville, through the floor of which the dead of the house of Dartigny had from time immemorial been lowered to their last resting places. The old man had, by means of a lever concealed in the ironwork of the railing, swung back the marble slab which covered the vault so that his visitor might gaze into the gloom below—and, with a start, Vivian remembered that the mechanism had in some manner stuck and refused to move when the caretaker came to replace the slab.

Henri had told him that he would have to send into Blois for the locksmith, and the man in the vault, as he held his torch high, wondered whether this had yet been done. Above him, the oblong cut in the roof showed darkly, and at one end a corner of the partially closed slab was visible. Here, then, he told himself, was his one means of escape.

The distance, he judged, was not more than ten feet, the stone table reduced it to eight, and Vivian himself was but two inches short of six feet. He unwrapped from his waist the sash of red silk, which to sustain his role as a Bohemian artist, he wore swathed around him in place of a belt. This sash he now twisted rope-wise and, mounting upon the stone table, peered up through the cavity. He remembered the little iron railings surrounding the tomb above, but his efforts to lasso a spoke of these with the scarf proved beyond his powers.

Then his eye fell upon the lid of the coffin and, reaching down, he picked up the sword that lay upon it. At his touch the sabretache and hilt fell away, but the blade itself, notched and red with rust as it was, still was strong enough to serve his purpose. He made a slip-knot in the twisted silk and, upon the point of the weapon, raised it carefully and hooked it over one of the corners of the tomb rails. Vivian tested this fully with his weight and found that it held. He asked himself whether he should return to the treasure, but the thought of the tortuous trap he had been fortunate enough to traverse in safety deterred him. Besides, in the pocket of his painting-coat was a considerable fortune, and he had his key.

Seizing the scarf firmly in both hands he raised himself until his toes rested upon the coffin lid. Then, with a little spring he started his climb. The sinister crack of splintering wood as he "took off" from the old casket caused a little thrill of horror to run through him, but he crept up, hand over hand, until at last his fingers gripped the edge of the flooring. With this hand-hold and helped by the scarf it was not difficult to clamber up and Vivian, exhausted but happy, sank down in one of the little pews of the chapel.

Through the window above the altar the rays of a young moon struggled thinly. A glance at his watch told Vivian that it was half-past ten, and he looked round for a means of completing his escape. To a man who understood lockcraft as he did this was a simple matter, and by the time the clock in the tiny belfry was chiming eleven M. Baptiste Dartin was in the little plantation of firs which surrounded the sacred building.

Cautiously he made his way to the lodge and, scaling the gateway, crossed the bridge and reached the high road. Midway between the chateau and the "Three Lilies" he came upon old Henri, who was returning from the inn.

Vivian stopped him. He had been into Blois, he told the man, to order the frames for the pictures. By the way, would it be convenient for him to finish the dining-room sketch the next afternoon? In the meantime, would Henri honor him by returning to the "Three Lilies," as his guest, there to open a bottle of the really excellent claret that house provided?

It took Vivian three days to finish the sketch, and when finally he departed from Massey he left old Henri in the seventh heaven of delight, for had not the gentleman taken his pictures into Blois and returned with them framed in gold?

Three days later the gentleman in question was seated with a jewel-dealer of great wealth and indifferent morals in an office in a street behind the Hoogstraat in Rotterdam. For the first time in the merchant's life he was unable to deal single-handed with the collection which was set out before him. But there are other jewel merchants in Holland, and by the united efforts of three of the principal ones in the trade the collection of diamonds, emeralds and rubies from the Chateau Chauville changed hands to the satisfaction of the gentleman who had called to dispose of them and who bore on his card the name—

BAPTISTE DARTIN

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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**"The sinister crack of splintering wood as he 'took off' from the old casket caused a little thrill of horror to run through him, but with the scarf firmly seized in both hands he crept up, hand over hand."**


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# How to make the powder stay on all evening

Furtive little dabs with your powder puff between dances—aren't they annoying?

But you've never known any other way to keep your face from getting shiny, and it's so hard to make the powder stay on!

Perhaps you are expecting too much of it. Really it is entirely your own fault if you put the powder directly on the skin and expect it to stay of its own accord. The finest of powders needs a base to hold it and to keep it smooth.

Not a cold cream for this, for cold cream contains oil which makes your face shiny. For a powder base you must have a cream without oil—a cream which disappears the instant you apply it. Pond's Vanishing Cream is especially designed for *daytime* use. There is not a bit of oil in it so it cannot reappear in a miserable glisten.

Before you powder, take a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream and rub it lightly into the skin. At once it disappears, leaving your skin softened. Now powder as usual and don't think of it again. The powder will stay on two or three times as long as ever before.

Besides making the powder stay on, Pond's Vanishing Cream powder base gives a wonderful tone to your skin, a soft, velvety appearance that is noticeably lovely.

Apply a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream before powdering. See how free from shine, how cool and fresh your skin stays.

For cleansing you need a different cream—a cream with an oil base. Before you go to bed and after a dusty train or motor trip rub Pond's Cold Cream into the skin and wipe it off. It contains just enough oil to work deep into the pores and thoroughly dissolve the dirt.

Neither of these creams will foster the growth of hair or down. Get a jar or tube of each cream today at any drug or department store.

POND'S
Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

*One with an oil base and one without any oil*



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# Canning for Thrift

*By Mrs. Christine Frederick,*

*The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.*

LATE Summer and early Fall are the housekeeper's harvest time. Then it is that she begins to find tomatoes, beans, corn and all the pickle products at their zenith. It is true economy for her to do even a small amount of canning, and no one will deny the superior flavor and other desirable qualities of the jars with which she may fill her pantry shelves.

By this time surely there is scarcely a housekeeper who is not familiar with the simplest, easiest and most dependable way of canning—the famous cold-pack method. After years of testing this has become the Government standard and has been demonstrated by expert after expert and by thousands of women to be a success.

Let me suggest that any woman who wishes to practice canning this season, first of all send to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for Farmers' Bulletin No. 839. This booklet is written by O. H. Benson, the man who developed and taught the cold-pack method in every section of the country with such wonderful success. It gives in plain simple English the details of cold-pack canning, details which every woman would like to know.

In all home canning, glass jars are preferable because they can be used year after year and because they are much easier to seal. Choose the type which has a glass top fastened by a spring. Do not use the old-time "Mason jar," nor another type where the lid is a metal composition material which can be used only once, because it is too expensive a jar.

Renew the rubbers each season. It is certainly worth a new rubber to insure the contents of the jar. If the slightest bit of air creeps in between the rubber and the jar the contents will spoil. It is the entrance of the bacteria from the air which often starts fermentation and spoiling. When this is not the case the contents have been properly sterilized and thus the fermentation will set up from within. In either case the results are disastrous.

Let the housekeeper get rid of the idea that canning is "such a lot of work." It is not any more work than making an elaborate dessert or doing embroidery or anything else which women do.

For the woman in the smaller house it is not necessary to do such a quantity of canning at a time. One housekeeper known to the author never cans more than three or four jars at a time. She gets the fruit or vegetable when freshest, prepares it instantly and sets it to sterilizing while she is washing dishes or doing other household duties. By always keeping the jars clean and in a convenient place there is little trouble involved.

It may be said that owing to the high price of sugar and the high price of foods it is hardly worth while to go to the trouble of canning at home. However, it must be recalled that no sugar is used in the canning of any vegetable (with the exception possibly of corn), and hence the canning of vegetables will not be affected by the sugar situation.

To follow canning on a business basis it will be necessary to take the market at its lowest—that is, to study carefully the time when the crops are at their fullest or "peak" locally and buy at this lowest price. For example, there is a period of a week or ten days when tomatoes are more plentiful and cheaper than at any other time. One half-bushel basket bought then will total a large number of jars at a very low cost per jar.

There are many fruits, too, which need no sugar at all, but which may be canned with water—apples, sweet berries, certain peaches, etc. Also any fruit may be canned in clear water and the necessary sweetening added after the can is opened, and when, possibly, as we hope, the price of sugar will be down. Do not forget this point.

Further, if the housekeeper will take pains to not she will observe that to-day even the highest brands of commercially packed fruits are not put up with sugar, but with corn syrup or glucose. I recall opening a jar of fancy peaches and distinctly noting the peculiar quality of the syrup which glucose produces. The home canner likewise may use corn syrup with excellent results and with a great saving over the present high sugar cost.

And don't forget also that it would be a most excellent thing if we all made our "sweet tooth" a little less sweet. It is just habit to require our food so highly sweetened. An excess of sugar really destroys the natural fruit flavor and neutralizes the excellent results of the fruit salts. Why can we not eat a perfectly ripe peach with no sugar at all? Suppose it does seem a little "acid" and sharp. It is just this "sharpness" which supplies the excellent tonic quality that the system demands and should have.

If canning seems "hard work" apply the principle of "team work" to it. In possibly no other task in the home can we apply so much interest, and even fun and pleasure, as by having the canning shared by two or more persons. What may seem a long and tedious task becomes pleasant, social and stimulating when shared by two or more. If ladies can find charm in following an embroidery pattern in the company of a half-dozen others, why not apply the same principle of group work to canning?

# Appetizing Menus for the Week

| MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY | SUNDAY |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* |
| Oatmeal, Tomato Toast, Coffee. | Fruit, Cereal, Buttered Toast, Coffee. | Sliced Peaches, Milk Toast, Coffee. | Cantaloupe, Graham Mush, Broiled Bacon. | Oatmeal, Blackberry Toast, Coffee. | Apple Sauce, Cereal, Eggs, Toast, Coffee. | Stewed Fruit, Cereal, Frizzled Beef, Toast, Coffee. |
| *Luncheon* | *Luncheon* | *Luncheon* | Reheated Biscuits, Coffee. | *Luncheon* | *Luncheon* | *Dinner* |
| Egg Salad, Cooked Dressing, Muffins. | Mexican Corn Pudding, Whole Wheat Muffins, Cantaloupe. | Macaroni and Lettuce Salad, Baking Powder Biscuits, Baked Apples. | *Luncheon* | Haddock Farci, Drawn Butter Sauce, Pineapple and Lettuce Salad, Saltines. | Apple and Pimento Salad, Cream Cheese Sandwiches, Iced Tea. | Chicken, Buttered Beans, Stewed Potatoes, Sliced Tomatoes, Gelatine, Wafers. |
| Iced Cocoa. | *Dinner* | *Dinner* | Roast Beef, Gravy Toast, Fluffy Cornstarch Pudding with Raspberry Sauce. | *Dinner* | *Dinner* | *Supper* |
| *Dinner* | Cold Roast Beef, Steamed Potatoes, Buttered Squash, Chilled Raspberry Tapioca Pudding. | Creamed Cabbage, Potatoes, Stewed Corn, Blackberry Sherbet, Sponge Cake. | *Dinner* | Baked Stuffed Egg Plant, Stewed Tomatoes, Corn on Cob, Sauce Pudding with Fruit Sauce. | Iced Salmon Croquettes, Green Peas, Mashed Potatoes, Lettuce and Tomato Sandwiches. | Bread Crumb and Cheese Pudding, Sliced Peaches, Sponge Cake, Milk Shake. |
| Broiled Meat Balls, Stewed Potatoes, Green Peas, Lettuce Salad, Peach Shortcake. | | | | | | |

# Sandwich Recipes

*By Mary Lee Swann,*

*The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.*

**Corned Beef Sandwiches.**

CHOP cold corned beef very fine. Season to taste with French mustard and spread evenly on brown or white bread.

**Egg Sandwiches.**

PRESS hard-cooked eggs through potato ricer. Season to taste with salt, paprika and cooked salad dressing. Spread on thinly buttered slices of bread, press together and shape as desired.

**Horseradish Sandwiches.**

WASH and cream 6 tablespoons butter and add ¼ cup grated horseradish very gradually, season with 1 teaspoon lemon juice and a pinch of salt. Spread between thin slices of bread, shape as desired and garnish with tiny rings of pimentoes, gherkins or pimolas.

**Green Pepper and Onion Sandwiches.**

FINELY chop ½ large Bermuda onion and 3 sweet green peppers. Drain thoroughly, moisten with a little French dressing and place in ice box to chill. Cream butter and spread evenly on thin slices of bread. Put bread together with the pepper and onion mixture.

**Shrimp and Chicken Liver Sandwiches.**

PRESS ½ cup cooked shrimps through a food chopper and mix with ½ cup cooked chicken liver, ½ sweet red pepper and ½ Bermuda onion, also pressed through food chopper. Seeds and veins should be removed from pepper. Season to taste with salt and pepper and moisten with cooked or mayonnaise dressing. Spread between thin slices of buttered bread.

**Sardine Sandwiches.**

WASH and cream ¼ cup butter. Remove bones from 6 sardines and pound or wash to a paste. Add to butter and cream together, adding 1 teaspoon lemon juice and a few grains of pepper. If lobster sandwiches are desired add ¼ cup lobster paste to the butter instead of the sardine paste. Color the lobster mixture with a little lobster coral.

**Shrimp Salad Sandwiches.**

MINCE 1 cup shrimps very fine. Moisten with a little cooked dressing or mayonnaise and season with 2 teaspoons lemon juice and ¼ cup chopped stuffed olives.

**Sunday Night Supper Sandwiches.**

WASH and cream ⅓ cup butter and add ⅓ cup finely chopped cold cooked veal and ⅓ cup finely chopped cold ham. Season to taste with salt and paprika. Prepare as any other sandwiches.

**Gelatine Sandwiches.**

SOAK ½ box gelatine in ¼ cup cold water about 20 minutes. Add ½ cup boiling water and stir until dissolved. Add ½ cup sugar and strain if necessary. Then add 2 tablespoons lemon juice and ½ cup other fruit juices (orange, strawberry, raspberry, etc.). Mold in large sheet, ¼ inch thick. Place between thin slices of sponge or other plain cake and serve with cold fruit juice drinks.

**Whipped Cream Sandwiches.**

ADD ½ cup sifted powdered sugar to 1 cup thick cream and beat until stiff. Flavor to taste with a few drops vanilla or other extract. Chill and spread thick between sponge cookies or lady fingers.


**DR. W. E. BALSINGER**
FACIAL SURGERY, DERMATOLOGY

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**FRECKLES**

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist and apply a little of it night and morning, and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.



**If Your Hair Has Been "Henna'd"** and needs retouching, or if some of the strands are discolored or reddish, you can cover them with Wm. J. Brandt's **EAU de HENNA**

**WORKS LIKE A CHARM**

No pack, no mess. Quick work, no waiting for hours in a chair. Just put it on and cover the grey or other color and make it uniform. Blends in perfectly.

Colors restorer for grey and bleached flair. Absolutely harmless. Two liquids, one application. Colors: Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Blond, Auburn.

*At your dealer or by mail*

**$2.60**

HAIR SPECIALTY CO., Dept. D, 24 E. 21st St., New York

# Sunday American-Examiner Patterns

A POPULAR AND COMFORTABLE DRESS (3310). Cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 12 year size will require 3¾ yards of 24-inch material.

A PRETTY AND POPULAR MODEL (3302). Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 3½ yards of 27-inch material.

AN ATTRACTIVE NEW SKIRT (3288). Cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. A 24-inch size will require 3¼ yards of 32-inch material.

A NEAT DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL (3301). Cut in 4 sizes, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8-year size will require 3¾ yards of 30-inch material.

MISSES' DRESS (3307). Cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 20-year size will require 7¼ yards of 27-inch material.

TWO POPULAR MODELS (3304.) Cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42, and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 3 yards for No. 1, and 1¾ yards for No. 2 of 36-inch material.

A POPULAR BATHING SUIT (3286). It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42, and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 3¾ yards of 36-inch material.

To obtain any one of these desirable patterns fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 12c for EACH PATTERN (each number represents 1 pattern) to

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**Beauty Questions**

WILL you please suggest something for an oily skin?—M. M.

Here is an excellent preparation which has been highly recommended for an oily skin. Use a little of it once or twice a day as needed:

Sulphate of zinc.....2 grains
Comp. tinct. of lavender..8 minims
Distilled water .....1 ounce

WON'T you please tell me how to reduce the bust? I have heard that there is no way at all of reducing it safely. Is this true?—B. A. D.

Almost any exercise or system of dieting which will tend to reduce your entire body will likewise have its effect in reducing the bust. Sometimes wearing close-fitting rubber garments next to the skin will reduce this region by promoting heavy perspiration, but I do not approve of any of these more drastic remedies.

**Tanforan**

*The New Beauty Treatment for the Hands*

Beautiful Hands! Satin smooth and white as pearls, with the tissues subtly rounded and strengthened—the gift of Tanforan!

**This ad is worth money to you.** Send it with 16c coins or stamps and receive a regular 25c bottle of Tanforan, tax paid. AM.

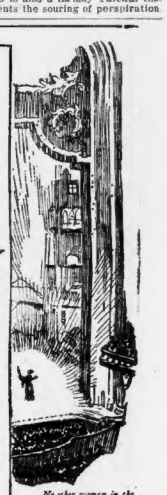
Jean Vallee a Cie
NEW YORK PARIS LONDON



**La-may Face Powder is Guaranteed Pure and Harmless.**

Pure face powder cannot injure the most delicate baby skin. The trouble is, too many powders are made in the old-fashioned way, with rice powder. Rice powder is starchy, and like bread dough, it is quickly turned into a gluey paste by the moisture of the skin. This paste clogs the cuticle, swells in the pores, causing enlarged pores, blackheads and pimples. A specialist makes a harmless powder by using an ingredient doctors prescribe to heal the skin. Every time you apply this improved powder you give your complexion a real beauty treatment.

There is a thousand dollar guarantee of purity printed on the box, certifying it does not contain white lead, rice powder or any harmful substance. This guaranteed pure powder is called La-may (French, Poudre L'Amé). Because it is pure and harmless, La-may is now used by over a million American women; it is now the most popular complexion powder sold in New York. Women who have used even the most expensive face powders say they can not buy a better powder than La-may anywhere at any price. There is also a La-may Talcum that prevents the souring of perspiration.



*No other woman in the Metropolitan Opera Company has Geraldine Farrar's pulling power with audiences. She fills the Metropolitan twice a week throughout the entire opera season.*

Copyrighted by Aimé Dupont

# Her biggest achievements are built on moments of rest

THE wear and tear of countless rehearsals—the strain, week after week, of performing before great audiences—the exhausting travel of long tours—these are some of the reasons why not one woman in a thousand has the necessary physique to be a successful singer of grand opera.

And perhaps not one singer in a thousand has Geraldine Farrar's capacity for sheer hard work. Her thirty or more operatic rôles, her concert repertoires, her phonograph records, her miles of films, which are shown in over 9,000 moving picture houses in the country, represent an amount of energy and driving power that few men possess.

"I have never heard Miss Farrar say that she was tired," one of her assistants reported. "When she was making films, she would often begin at seven in the morning and work straight on until evening. Now and then she would take a few minutes off and rest by sitting down and playing at her piano."

These few minutes off," with which Farrar has learned to minimize the strain of work, represent one of the most important secrets of successful achievement.

The leaders in world achievement recognize that a moment or two of relaxation, breaking at frequent intervals the drive of a hard day, are worth more than an hour of recreation after one is exhausted.

Harriman, the great railroad builder, even at the most critical moments, could drop all business problems and in an instant become absorbed in his favorite author. Roosevelt, when he was making campaign tours in his private car, could put himself to sleep in the midst of noise and argument, and wake after a few minutes completely refreshed.

There are a dozen simple ways of getting this momentary relaxation.

## *One simple way of securing momentary relaxation*

Most of us have noticed, for example, that merely washing the face and hands is restful. The next time you wash, use Jergens Violet Soap and see what an instant sense of refreshment you can get from this simple act.

Jergens Violet Soap is especially made to *refresh* as well as cleanse. It contains an ingredient so cooling, so refreshing, that physicians often recommend this ingredient for its effect on the skin.

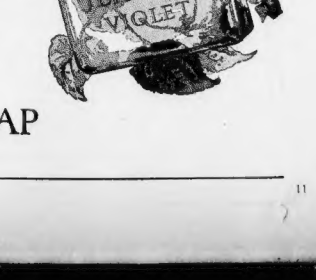
The moment you use Jergens Violet you will feel its refreshing quality. Your skin will feel smooth, clean and cool.

The fragrance of Jergens Violet Soap, like that of fresh dewy violets—its cool transparence and visible purity—add to this wonderful effect of refreshment. The same qualities that give Jergens Violet Soap its refreshing value make it delightful for general use.

Jergens Violet Soap is especially wherever soap is sold—15 cents a cake.

*Send 6 cents and learn its instant refreshment*

For 6 cents we will send you a refreshing little cake of Jergens Violet Soap. Address The Andrew Jergens Co. 6546 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited,—Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.*




JERGENS VIOLET SOAP
TRANSPARENT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# *Under Searching Eyes—*

## Do you ever wince inwardly?

AN unexpected meeting—a battery of eyes focused upon your face—can you meet it with composure? Is your skin flawless? Clear, lovely in coloring?

Or is there some blemish that stands out mercilessly in your own consciousness? Some fault in your complexion that you ***know*** observant eyes must take notice of?

There is nothing that so destroys a man's or woman's poise and self-confidence as the consciousness of a complexion at fault. Even a little blemish in some conspicuous place makes you miserably embarrassed. You want to shrink into the background. You lose your confidence, your gaiety. Your very personality is dimmed just when you are most anxious to appear at your best.

Yet this suffering is entirely needless. You need never be miserable and tongue-tied from such self-consciousness. Almost any one, by simple, regular hygienic care of the skin, can free her complexion of the defects that so commonly mar an otherwise lovely face.

Blackheads are such a disfigurement. Enlarged nose pores, a skin that will get shiny. These things ***can*** be corrected.

Take care of the new skin that is forming every day as old skin dies. Give it every night the right treatment for your particular trouble, and ***within a week or ten days*** you will notice a marked improvement.

### *How to remove skin blemishes*

Take one of the most common skin troubles. Perhaps your skin is constantly being marred by unsightly little blemishes. No doubt you attribute them to something wrong with your blood; but authorities on the skin now agree that in the great majority of cases these blemishes are caused by bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores ***from outside,*** through dust and fine particles in the air.

By using the Woodbury method of cleansing your skin, you can free it from such blemishes.

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear, hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment regularly, then continue to give your face, every night, a thorough bath in the regular Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water. In this way you can guard against a reappearance of the blemishes.

### *The famous treatment for conspicuous nose pores*

Do you know what it is that causes conspicuous nose pores?

The pores of the face are not as fine as on other parts of the body. ***On the nose, especially,*** there are more fat glands than elsewhere, and there is more activity of the pores.

These pores, if not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, lose their power to contract properly; they clog up and become enlarged.

Try using this special treatment for conspicuous nose pores, and supplement it with the steady, general use of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Wring a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in ***very gently*** a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, ***stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive.*** Then finish by rubbing the nose with a ***piece of ice.*** Always dry your skin carefully.

Use this treatment every night before retiring, and before long you will notice how this gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they become inconspicuous. But do not expect to change completely in a week a condition resulting from long continued exposure and neglect.

These are only two of the famous Woodbury treatments for improving your skin. You will find additional treatments for all the commoner skin troubles in the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today—begin, tonight, the treatment your skin needs.

The very first treatment with Woodbury's will leave your skin with a slightly ***drawn, tight*** feeling. This means that your skin is responding to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing than it has been accustomed to. After a few treatments this drawn feeling will disappear, and your skin will emerge from its nightly bath with such a soft, clean, healthful feeling that you will never again want to use any other method of cleansing your face.

You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. The booklet containing full directions for all the famous Woodbury treatments is wrapped around each cake. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use.

### *"Your treatment for one week"*
### A miniature set of Woodbury's facial preparations sent to you for 25 cents

Send 25 cents for this dainty miniature set of Woodbury facial preparations, containing ***your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.***

You will find, first, the little booket, "A Skin You Love to Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder, with directions telling you just how they should be used.

Write to-day for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 34 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

*If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 34 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.*